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HOW TO USE IT

KILL EVERY FAIR WING SHOT





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Editor "Chicago Field."

# THE GUN,

## AND HOW TO USE IT

TO

### KILL EVERY FAIR WING SHOT.

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*Advice to Young Sportsmen, on Shooting, Hunting, and Prevention of Accidents with Guns. Objections to Plunge-Traps, and Class Pigeon Shooting. New Code of Rules for Ground-Trap Shooting, and Instructions for Handicapping. Care and Management of Pigeons, etc., and Records of the Principal Ground-Trap Matches in 1880,*

BY

GWYNNE PRICE  
ENGLISH HUNTER,

St. Louis Sportsmen's Club, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Who contested with Capt. Bogardus for the Championship of the World Gold Medal, at Indianapolis and St. Louis in 1876; and defeated him at St. Louis in 1880.*

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# TO THE READER.

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This book is dedicated by special permission to the greatest sporting authority in the Western States, Dr. N. Rowe, *Mohawk*, Editor "Chicago Field," by whose kindly encouragement I was induced to enlarge and publish what was only intended for the amusement of a few sporting friends.

It is not supposed to take the place of many large, expensive and beautifully got up works of a somewhat similar character, such as Bogardus' "*Field, Cover and Trap Shooting*," and others, written by authors of eminence, and published at a price that they can only be found in the carpeted library of high class sportsmen.

Many true lovers of the Shot Gun are to be met with in cities, and on the small farms of the Western Prairies, who shoot, and shoot again, and do not know the reason why they do not kill, simply because they cannot afford to buy expensive books on gunning, so as to get the experience of others, and cause them to think for themselves.

W. W. Judy, the great Game Commission Merchant of St. Louis, himself a fine trap and field shot, says: "*Every man that owns a gun should have your little book, and every dealer that sells one, should present a copy to his customer.*" It is published at 25 cents, so that *every man that owns a gun* may have it and perhaps derive some little benefit from the hints and experience of a great lover of the shot-gun, who, having first seen light on the 5th of November, has never since been more happy than when within the smell of gunpowder. I would casually mention that I have never read any book on hunting or shooting, not even my friend Bogardus' work, so that what I have written is simply my own experience and observation.

It can therefore be said, like the workman that made the wardrobe, "*he made it out of his own head, and had stuff enough left to make another.*"

Very simple language has been used, so that all can understand what they read, and because having been dragged up at the plow-tail, I know no other.

Very faithfully,

GWYNNE PRICE.



# THE GUN,

AND HOW TO USE IT TO KILL EVERY FAIR WING SHOT.

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Very few persons using the shot-gun that I have met with, seem to attach sufficient importance to the requirements necessary to make good wing practice, as their attention has not been drawn to the absolute necessity of carefully studying the allowance to be made in shooting for *distance, flight, windage, pace* and *position*, whether *under* or *over* the level of the gun, etc., etc.

It is generally thought that in order to ensure a kill you should be *dead on* the object; but no greater mistake can be made, for unless your bird is going straight away and on the same level as yourself, to be *dead on* really means *to be dead off*.

My attention was never drawn so particularly to this subject until I began to shoot pigeons from a ground-trap. The birds if really good, generally fly very low, and it could easily be observed whether the shot struck *above, below, right* or *left* of the mark; and as I shoot with both eyes open, I could see what was the reason if I missed, and it required very little common sense to adopt a remedy.

The handling of a gun is to be compared only to the delicate manipulation of the strings or keys of a musical instrument, and can only be acquired artistically by those who are almost *born to it*.

The earlier a gun is placed in the hands of a youth, the more likely is he to become expert, and such a proficient in the art



of shooting, as to feel the extraordinary sensations of pleasure experienced *only* by those who are able to excel in any profession they engage in.

As a rule the sportsman whose ordinary calling is of a light and delicate nature, is most likely to use his gun elegantly; but it does not at all follow that he possesses the steady nerve so essential to a good shot.

It is very easy to give instruction and advice on marksmanship; but there are times when the very best shots fail in carrying out the system which they well know is requisite, and often shoot impulsively without being able to prevent it, well aware before the trigger is pulled that they will be sure to miss the object.

Pigeon shooting from the trap is most excellent practice for a beginner, after he can handle his gun easily, particularly if he shoots before a crowd of people, as it steadies his nerves, and he can observe how the more accomplished gunners perform; but it is rather expensive amusement if indulged in often. Glass-ball shooting costs very little; care should, however, be used in selecting the trap throwing the ball most like the flight of a bird.

Many fine game shots are at first very deficient at the trap, simply because they are nervous in company; but I never yet saw a good trap shot that could not do fair execution in the field after very little experience.

My readers must not suppose that I do not miss many shots; but when I do, I am always ready to admit that it was my own fault, and not from a defect in the gun; although I often hear shooters declare if they have missed, that they were *dead on* their bird, when I have noticed the shot was awfully wide of the mark, and they are ever ready with an excuse, blaming either the maker of their gun, or the quality of the powder.

It is far easier, I candidly confess, to preach than to practice; and I would say to my friends in the language of a Clergyman in the old country, not possessed of a particularly high moral character:

*“Do as I say, not as I do.”*



Always use the very best of ammunition, powder and wads more especially; the extra game killed will far more than compensate for the difference in cost—but remember use plenty of powder.

A 10 bore gun will take 5 drams of powder and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of shot, without recoil; and a 12 bore 4 drams of powder and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  oz. of shot, if of 9 or 10 lbs. weight, and held firmly in the hand. If your gun rebound unpleasantly, reduce the charge of shot a little.

Soft felt wads will be found best for muzzle-loading guns, as they are more easily rammed down when the barrel becomes foul.

I would most emphatically impress upon all young shots that with a moderately good gun a few yards in distance is of little consequence, and that it is far better to wait until you can get proper aim, than to fire random shots.

A stray pellet may occasionally kill, but there is so much space around a small bird that it is quite twenty chances to one against killing, unless you are in the right direction, especially with a choke bore gun.

When a covey of birds rise together, the greatest quickness combined with steadiness is requisite, so as to select the two most advantageous chances.

Never shoot wildly into them, or you may wound several without killing any. Each bird should be shot at as carefully as though only one was on the wing.

If in company, you will, of course, select your birds from those on your own side, and your companion will take the like precaution. Be sure take the bird farthest from you for the first barrel, or it may be out of distance for your second, unless you are wonderfully quick, and it is a great saving of time and trouble to get two birds at one rise.

Many times in my youthful days I have shot a couple of charges into a covey of 18 or 20 partridges, apparently so close together on the wing that a horse rug would have covered the lot, and not a bird have I killed.

No game should if practicable ever be shot at a less distance than 25 yards, and even then it will be almost useless for



the table if the gun shoots closely. It is much better to wait, as at 35 yards the shot will cover a much larger space.

It is a very bad habit to shoot at any object sitting, after having once accustomed yourself to wing practice. It will be found much easier to kill flying shots, as the body is more exposed when the wings are extended, and the bird presents nearly twice the size.

Occasionally it may be necessary to shoot game when perched, or on the ground, and in doing so it will be best to level the gun *below* the mark, and steadily elevate it until the line is a little over the object, as the muzzle is likely to be lowered rather than raised in the action of pulling the trigger; although most guns being thickest at the breech and the rib highest at back, they will throw the shot rather over the direct line. A shooter will soon find what his gun does.

When a bird rises, the eye or eyes, *for some of the best shots keep both open*, should be steadily observing and following *the exact course of flight*; the hands should act in the most perfect harmony with the eye and the will, and the gun will come to the eye instinctively. It must be brought up a little behind the object, and the motion increased until the sight is well in front, and the trigger pulled without the movement of the gun being stayed *in the slightest degree*. The firmer the gun is held with both hands, the better, *with the left hand well forward*, so as to keep the exact position, and the less recoil will be felt. (*See front cover.*)

Should the bird be in front considerably over your level, take the sight a little underneath, and the bird will fly into the line of the shot. If going right or left follow the exact course until well ahead before firing. The farther off it is, and the swifter the flight, the greater allowance must there be made. For instance if at 20 or 25 yards, just in front of the bird's head will be sufficient, if the motion of the gun is kept slightly increasing, whereas if the object be 50 or 60 yards away and *flying swiftly*, in some cases two or even three feet ahead will not be too much, depending entirely



upon circumstances of which the gunner himself will be the best judge, after a little careful consideration.

When I say 'three or four feet, I mean what would appear three or four feet at 60 yards, because an object four feet long at 60 yards does not appear over three feet, so that when shooting three feet ahead of a quartering fast flying bird at 60 yards, you are really aiming between four and five feet in front of it.

In order to become a good judge of distance, measure out say 30, 40, 50 and 60 yards at your own homestead, and often study it.

I have heard shooters say: "*What a long shot, why that was 70 yards;*" when upon stepping it out, it was not really 50.

The *pull of the trigger*, the *quickness of the powder*, of which the small grain is said to be the best for snap shots, (although perhaps not quite so strong) have all to be considered, bearing in mind that three-fourths, if not more of the shots missed, are from being behind rather than in front.

This remember and treasure up, as the greatest secret in shooting: *Never allow your gun to be brought upon a bird from above, or before it; but always from behind if cross shots, or below if rising shots. The course of flight being in direct opposition to the motion of the gun, unless that instruction is followed, it would require at least double allowance to be made, and even then I very much question unless in very experienced hands, whether one shot in twenty would be effective.*

Two opposing motions in machinery produce awful consequences; and in the same degree in gunnery, it is hardly possible to calculate the effect of the flight of a bird being opposed to the movement of the gun.

The greatest care should also be used that the gun is held level, so that the line from the eye in taking sight should be along the *centre of the rib*, from the screw at breech to the sight on muzzle.

With ground game the same principle applies more or less, remembering that whereas with birds *above* your level going *right away*, you shoot under them; hares or rabbits



and even birds near the ground being *below* your level, it is requisite to be well over them, carefully calculating whether it is rising or falling ground, and with side shots be well in front as explained before.

If a hare or rabbit is crossing you in brush or timber, and you only just get a sight, snap shoot three or four feet in front of where you saw it, and you will be almost sure to find that you have killed. So with a wood-cock, shoot after him in the direction he was taking, although you have lost sight, for being a very soft bird, a single pellet may kill him at 50 or 60 yards. It will be found to answer very often.

I have observed that in the field and also at the trap, many good shots miss a larger proportion of right quartering birds than when going to the left.

Several reasons suggest themselves. The shooter stands with his left foot forward, consequently it is easier for him to turn to the left than to the right, more especially with a corpulent person.

Again, the left hand being held most forward along the barrel, it has greater command of the gun than the trigger hand; and the pressure of the finger in pulling the trigger is very apt to stay the motion of the gun in right hand shots.

You scarcely ever see a missed right hand bird, but which is lost from shooting behind it.

In trap shooting, I think it well to cover the No. 4 trap, instead of No. 3; it is as easy to wheel 15 yards to the left, as it is 5 yards to the right. Hold the gun firmly, and shoot more forward at the right quartering birds than others. Remember this particularly, that with side birds, there is lots of time to get good, certain aim, before firing, for the bird is not getting further from you as he would if going straight away, and a quartering bird is the easiest shot possible, with proper care and steadiness.

Since writing the above, a remarkable confirmation of this occurred in the Bogardus-Hauworth plunge trap match, at St. Louis. Bogardus was one bird ahead at the ninety-eighth round, and offered \$100 to a dollar that he would win the



match. Both having killed in the next round, and Hauworth in front having killed his bird, Bogardus had to score his last bird to win. He got a very fast bird, well up in the air, half quartering to the right and *fast rising*; just the most difficult of all shots to kill; and although being at 21 yards rise, he took plenty of time, but shooting as would be most likely the case, slightly behind the bird, although striking him with one or two shots through the rump, being favored by the wind he carried it right over, and lost Bogardus the match, the result being a tie of 92. It was somewhat singular also that Bogardus killed 21 left quartering birds, but missed three right quarterers, and Hauworth killed 21 left quarterers, but missed four to the right, neither having missed a left hand shot.

The more trouble bestowed upon these little matters the better; and the best judge of *distance* and *pace* will be the most successful in making a good bag.

I have generally found that the fastest flying birds are, the duck, teal, and some quail.

The snipe and prairie chicken fly swiftly when with a strong wind; but snipe, it hunted *down* wind, which they always should be, will generally turn *against* it; and then they present the very easiest side shots of any bird I have ever met with.

Most young sportsmen are afraid to hunt jack snipe, because they have been told it is a difficult bird to kill. Generally they are found in the open, and although they *wobble* about a good deal when they first rise, let them get 15 or 20 yards on the wing, then they fly as straight and as steadily as any bird I know, and are very easily killed.

There is very little good snipe shooting in England, and one of the small sized Wilson snipe, which, by the bye, I have never met with in this country, is almost as great a rarity as a black swan. It is a much more difficult bird to kill, than the full sized jack seen here, and I well recollect when a boy, my father who was a fair shot at general game, having 8 double shots at one bird, and at last he got a chance and finished him sitting.

Before I had scarcely any practice at snipe, I heard Bogardus say when he was in Wales, the first time he was over in



England, that he would back himself to kill 100 snipe in succession and take every fair shot.

It appeared to me that it was about 100 to 1 against his doing it, but after I arrived in this country, I had the pleasure of seeing him kill them right and left at 40, 50 and 60 yards, and about as easily as he now breaks the glass balls. It gave me confidence in hunting with him, and since then I have mightily enjoyed hunting snipe, and I killed 103 the last I ever shot at.

Every young beginner should hunt snipe; it is splendid sport, with good retrieving pointers; and even the common meadow lark is really good practice in the summer season.

The quail is by many thought a very easy bird to kill; but I think the hunter who will score 7 out of 10 the day through in central Illinois, where it is mostly corn and ragweed shooting, can hold his own in any company, and at any game.

I met with two bevvies of quail, on the estate of John Gillett, Esq., near Elkhart, Logan Co., Illinois, that were the swiftest flying birds I ever saw, I scattered them in corn about eight feet high, and had eleven shots at one lot before I scored one; and I never took the trouble to look for either again, but left them for breeding; as about half a dozen of any of that family connection, would afford a fine days amusement, for such of the Springfield or Bloomington hunters who may happen to be in that neighborhood.

The prevailing error in hunting quail is, that as they very often get up under the feet or at most from four to six yards from the shooter, they are generally shot at when not more than 10 or 12 yards from the gun.

If they were allowed to reach from 25 to 30 yards away, many more would be killed; to say nothing about the better appearance on the table.

Should any young hunter, or even old one, be so nervous or impulsive that he cannot wait patiently as suggested, let him just try the experiment of cocking both barrels after the birds have risen.

When very young, I often walked between my father and his elder brother when partridge shooting.



My uncle always carried his gun at half-cock, and would steadily raise the hammers after the birds had risen. He would kill his double shot certain, a considerable time after his companion had fired both barrels.

Although my father was a good ordinary game shot, his brother could beat him 25 per cent. in the quantity of game killed in the day's shoot.

This was at a time when guns and ammunition were not so good as now, no choke-bores then.

I shall ever remember with pleasure some days snipe and chicken hunting with Capt. Bogardus, at Elkhart, Ill.; also at wild fowl with E. S. Cornell; quail and chickens with Jac. Karr; chickens with Charley Gordon, and wood-cock and quail in the timber with Henry Rowe; the last four near Gibson City, Ills.

They are all rare companions in the field, and at the top of the tree, as marksmen in each of the branches enumerated.

Talk of killing ducks and brant. Any infortunate creature that comes within 50 or 60 yards of Cornell, might save a lot of trouble by coming down at once, for if he just gets that gun of his to bear on them, it is all over.

There is still some splendid duck hunting in the Western States. The duck hunter's story, from the "Detroit Free Press," will give some idea of what it used to be.

"Speaking of duck shooting on St. Clair Flats," sighed an old citizen as he took a seat in a gun store yesterday, "I don't think there are as many birds up there as there was ten or fifteen years ago. Why, sir, the channels used to be just black with 'em, and they were so tame that you could knock 'em on the head."

Everybody sighed to think those good old days and ducks could never return, and the veteran hunter continued:

"I remember I was out one day in April. I got in among the bipeds, and how many do you suppose I counted?"

"Three hundred," ventured one of the audience after a long interval.

"Three hundred! Why, I always killed over a thousand every time I went out! No, sir, I counted over 16,000 great,



big, fat, plump, delicious ducks, and then I had only counted those on one side of the boat!"

"How long did it take you?"

"I don't know, sir, I had no watch with me. Time is nothing to a man counting ducks. I counted aloud, and when the ducks were small I counted two for one. By and by I got tired of counting, and got ready for the slaughter."

"How many did you kill?"

"Well, now, I suppose I could lie about it and say I killed 900 or 1,000, but I'm getting too near the grave for that. No, I didn't kill a blasted one, and that's where the strange part of the story comes in. When I began to lift that gun up those ducks knew what I was up to just as well as a human being, and what did they do? Why, sir, about 200 of 'em made a sudden dive, swam under the boat, and all raised on her port-side at once and upset her! Yes, sir, they did, and there I was in the North Channel in ten feet of water, boat upset, night coming on, and I in my wet clothes."

"Well?"

"Well, I climbed up on the bottom of the boat, floated five miles and was picked up by two Indians. We towed that upset boat to an island, and here another curious thing comes in. Under the boat were 264 large, plump ducks. They had been caught there when she upset, and all we had to do was to haul 'em out and rap 'em on the head."

"Why, why didn't they dive down and get from under the boat?" asked an amateur duck-shooter.

"Why didn't they, sir—why didn't they? Well, sir, I might have asked 'em why they didn't, but it was late, a cold wind had sprung up, and I didn't feel like talking! All I know is that I counted over 16,000 ducks, was upset, captured 264, and have affidavits here in my wallet to prove everything I have stated. Does any man here want to see the documents?"

No man did. They all looked out of the windows and wondered if they could lie that way when they had passed three-score years.

I have heard of extraordinary scores being made in hunting wild fowl, but the largest bag really certified, was that of my



friend Capt. E. E. Stubbs, with whom I lately shot a match at Little Rock, Arkansas, as recorded further on.

It was reported at the time in the "Semi-weekly Coast," and also in the "Gulf Weekly" newspapers. He was on a small tidal island, in a cove, about 3 miles from the main shore on the Mexican coast, and in 5 hours and 25 minutes, he killed 613 head of birds, each one shot at single and on the wing. There were 46 swans, 72 geese, 34 brant and 461 mallards and spool bill ducks.

He used 627 cartridges of No. 4 shot, and it kept two Mexican ranchmen hard at work to gather in the game. They remarked "*Mellican man great shooter, big hunter,*" "*me hard work.*" "*He kill all de game.*" "*Dey jist comes right down when he pints dat way.*"

He also related to me that in 1875, when hunting alone, for the market, in Northwestern Iowa, during the months of September and October, he killed 1,957 prairie chickens, besides other game, using a brace of English pointers, one at a time, on alternate days.

I do not doubt either of the above statements, for I feel sure Capt. Stubbs would not relate anything untrue to me, and I can confidently say, that I consider him perhaps as good; if not the best shot I ever saw, both with the rifle and shot gun.

I think he can kill as many prairie chickens on the wing with a rifle, as any man I know (bar about 2 or 3) can do with a shot gun, and during this next summer I expect we shall see him trying his skill at pigeons 30 yards rise, English rules with his rifle, against crack men with the shot gun. Although I have had some very good shooting in America, I would rather not mention any of my best doings, as they are so completely put in the back ground by the above.

Much has been written and much jealousy and ill feeling expressed on the subject of the destruction of game in the Middle and Western States, by parties of hunters from the East, who ship all they kill either for market or to their eastern friends.

I have hunted every day during the season for three years, and can pretty well judge what quantity of game can be killed.



My opinion is that the scarcity and constant decrease in game is not caused by gunners, to a tenth part of what is supposed.

I was well equipped with guns, dogs, and the best hunting poney in the world. (Alas! since dead.) I could shoot double shots from the saddle as easily as from the ground, could turn her loose on the prairie for hours; on the slightest motion of raising the gun she would be firm as a rock, and in the tallest corn would thread her way with less damage than I could walk myself. I would mention, for the information of my friends in England, that the prairie chicken or pinnated grouse is much the same bird as the grouse of Great Britain.

The quantity of chickens and quails that I could kill, might have been raised easily upon two sections of land.

I maintain that the greatest enemies game has to contend with, are the farmer's dogs, hawks, snakes, mink, skunk, owls, crows, coons, opossums and foxes.

At almost every farm-house you will find two, three or four dogs, no matter what breed, so that they can "*kill a rat, and bite a tramp.*" Some are called *full blooded* bird dogs, which are worse than any others when running loose, but they embrace every variety from the mastiff to the verriest cur poodle,

As a rule they are left to their own exertions for a living, and in the game breeding season accompany the teams when ploughing and cultivating the corn, so that nothing escapes them, breaking up the nests of the chickens and quail, scaring the old birds when sitting, and killing the helpless young by wholesale.

There are crows enough in Missouri and western Illinois to suck every egg laid; and crows also kill the young game. I have seen a gang of 1,000 at one time. No wonder game is scarce. Snakes also are very destructive to young game and eggs. I killed more than 100 rattle snakes in one summer and bull snakes out of number.

Again some of the farmers who do not hunt, take all the chicken's eggs for cooking purposes, so as to send their hen's eggs to market.

I was told by a farmer in Illinois last year, that he had used over 400 chicken's eggs in his house, all taken from 240 acres of land.



A regular hunter is the greatest friend to game, because he never omits an opportunity of killing vermin.

A chicken hawk requires a chicken or quail, at least, *every day in the year*; besides what they take extra when they have their young to provide for; so that a pair of those birds will kill more game in the year than a regular hunter, and I have always argued that by destroying on the average, a hawk or owl, besides other vermin every day I went out, that I was indirectly the means of preserving fifty head of game for every one I killed.

Farmers little think the benefit a sportsman is to them, in destroying the enemies of their domestic poultry.

Increased cultivation by utilizing sleughs and breaking up prairies must drive off prairie chickens, as it deprives them of insect feed, as well as places for seclusion and nesting.

Just a few lines here to chicken hunters: Study carefully the habits of your game, and save yourselves the time and trouble of beating over ground on which there is no chance of finding anything.

It is very pleasing to see dogs trained as for a field trial show, range over every yard of ground, quartering with almost mechanical exactness over perhaps a thousand acres of prairie after chickens, when not even 20 acres would be likely to hold a bird.

In Europe, where enclosures are small and game plentiful, and in some parts of this country where quails are abundant, such dogs are very beautiful to see; but a good chicken dog accustomed to hunting on the prairie, seems to know that the edges of the sleugh are most likely to hold game.

You will never find chickens in foul corn if there is any other within 3 or 4 miles, unless scared in early season by a hawk or from being shot into.

Chickens roost on open spaces in the prairie, so that vermin cannot easily reach them without detection, and there they will be found feeding at break of day, and again in the evening, on insects.

If in a country where small grain is cultivated, they will be in the wheat and oat stubbles, to feed early.

As the sun gets stronger in early season, they go to the edges of the slough on the prairies, where they can get the shade of the long grass, and watch for any indications of danger, and as a rule will stay there until about ten o'clock, when they leave for the shade of the corn, where they will remain, if undisturbed, until feeding time in the afternoon.

If the hunter is a stranger, and does not know the favorite corn fields, he can watch the flight of the birds from an elevated position, and after allowing them to rest for an hour, can go direct to where he will get good shooting.

Fresh broken land about the second or third year of cultivation is the most favorable resort; they dust and scratch in the shade, and can, in clean corn, watch every thing going on for some distance.

It is not unusual for birds to travel two or three miles to find the land they want; no wonder therefore that you may beat over a large tract of corn land full of weeds, without finding a single bird, even in a good chicken country.

Dogs that will keep close in, *and retrieve well*, are necessary in corn hunting; and if a space of about 20 or 30 yards is allowed between each gun in walking the rows, a good lot of ground may be beaten over during the hours of from 12 to 4 o'clock; after which the birds will be leaving for the stubble and pastures. Chickens rarely touch corn until insect and small grain feed is exhausted.

Chicken hunting, in corn which is often ten feet or more high, is very bad practice for finely broken young dogs; as hunting mostly out of view of their master, they are apt to take advantage of it, and break rules. I would rather at any time cleanly miss three shots, than leave a winged or wounded bird to suffer and become the prey of vermin. For that reason I have been this last two seasons allowing my dogs to go in at once for dead birds, because if you should tip the wing of a fully matured or old male bird, he will generally take the line of a row of corn, and go right away at his greatest speed until he reaches the long prairie grass, even if it is a quarter or half mile or more away.

If the dogs are made to drop to charge, and the bird gets 100 seconds start of the dog, unless he bleeds from his wounds, it



can hardly be expected that a dog can trail a particular bird over perhaps twenty cross scents, and especially where it is stronger from the birds having been playing about for some time on the ground.

A bird running as fast as possible, leaves very little scent on dry ground in the summer season.

"Eyes open and mouth shut," is my motto in hunting. There is nothing will scare game so much as the human voice, and I maintain that one "*down charge*" spoken loudly and in anger, will set all the game on the alert within a quarter of a mile, and does infinitely more harm than a dog going direct to his dead game and returning quietly with it. Prairie chickens are not easily moved by a dog unless he should be a wild one, and many dogs will, in bringing dead game, especially quail, stand the live ones with the dead in its mouth.

I have many times, when on high ground, seen my dog Sancho coming in with a wounded bird, half to three quarters of a mile from the spot where it fell; it was only a question of time if he was not in at once, if it took him ten minutes, he was sure to get him before he returned. Dogs often get blame, for not finding what is thought to be a dead bird, when really there is no fault, as the game is perhaps some hundred yards away at the time he is sent for it; whereas, if the dog had been sent in at once, he would have recovered the bird before it had time to get round from the effect of the fall.

I cannot refrain from telling a little story. My friend Charley Gordon and myself were invited by some renters, on the 40,000 acre Sullivant farm, at Burroaks, in Ford Co., Illinois, to join a party in a prairie chicken hunt; as we were known pretty good shots, and had plenty of good dogs.

The whole neighborhood was called out. Every available gun, nearly a dozen, was looked up, and brought into requisition. Some had two barrels and only one hammer; others refused to remain at half or full cock, and had to be loosed from the thumb, and some had not been known to observe half cock for years, and of others, the barrels had some few apparently originally done service as gas pipes, about the time that article was introduced, and were secured to the stock by string or wire.

Every gun had a history and pedigree, of course, all *imported*, *genuine* articles; and most had killed ducks, geese, or chickens at 100 yards, and from 15 to 20 quails at one shot.

Soda water bottles suspended on strings, served for powder and shot flasks, and the palm of the hand for measures. Old newspapers answered instead of wads, and sometimes in a hurry a dram of powder would do for two ounces of shot. "*The more shot the better, but not much powder for fear of bursting the gun.*"

Dogs of all sorts and sizes, rough and smooth, mostly called *full-blooded*, and descended from stock that could "*smell a chicken at a quarter of a mile.*" *They had done it.* The whole party of men and dogs numbered nearly forty, so we spread out and went ahead. I preferred the right hand outside berth, as it appeared to me much the safest in that company; and stretching wide through the corn, we all went at it with a will.

One or two of the "*Nimrods*" led the hunt. They of course *knew* where the chickens were, *they* could find "*all you want*" in no time. "*All you want*" is a favorite expression in speaking of game, but what quantity it represents I never exactly found out. If it originated from "*We want but little here below,*" I certainly generally got it.

After toiling without my poney for about four hours in very foul corn, and moving only one bird, which I got outside in a road, and during which time I constantly told them "*we would never find any birds in such corn as that,*" we came to a well cultivated piece of about 100 acres.

As soon as I saw it, I said "*now boys look out for the chickens;*" and sure enough there they were.

For some hour and a half it was glorious fun! such volleys!! such shouting! such a row!! seven or eight shots at a single bird, and a very nice bundle of chickens was the result.

If Charley and I had been by ourselves, I really think we could have got 100. I visited that ground often afterwards and had fine sport.

I came across another well cultivated farm of 200 acres on the Sullivant estate. The occupier was a rare good hearted fellow named Furrey; he deserved a good crop. He said I was welcome



to hunt his corn as often as I liked, he knew I would do him no damage, and for some time I had good sport there three days a week.

Good farming paid him well. It looked all of 80 bushels to the acre right through. He had two clever little twin sons, aged 12, who with another son about 18, and himself, entirely cultivated and managed 50 acres each, and they had reason to be proud of their success.

Some of the *small* freeholders detest hunters, as the *devil is said to hate holy-water*, and will if possible get some chance of swearing at you, and threatening vengeance. A renter, or a large owner seldom interferes, but the 40 acre man, *without the writings in his house*, takes every opportunity of asserting his authority, just to make believe that the place belongs to him, when, perhaps, having borrowed money at ten per cent. to get his land, he has not even a dollar of interest in it, and would be worse off than a renter if closed up. There are, however, many who will heartily welcome a stranger with a gun, and enjoy seeing a good shot; and more particularly clever dogs. But if you were to believe all you hear, there must be much more game in the country, than your dogs are able to find.

John Gillette, Esq., of Elkhart, Logan Co. Ills., a fine farmer of his own fine estate of nearly 10,000 acres, once said to me, "I have not the least objection to either Bogardus or yourself shooting over my land, whenever and wherever you like; because *you are hunters and you know your business*; and a regular hunter will do me no harm; but there are a lot of random young fellows come here and scare my cattle, and do me lots of injury, and I cannot allow them over my place."

A farmer in going his rounds, sees the same flock of quails, perhaps a dozen times in the course of the day, and supposes they are as many different lots, so that he tells you "*he can show you at least twenty gangs*" that is what they call them, "*gangs.*" I would have you beware how you get into a *gang* of quails near a farm house; for often you may get driven off at the point of a hay fork, by half a dozen men and dogs, if you get killing their "*pretty quails that come to feed with the fowls.*" I expect before two more Presidents are elected in this country, that in

some parts game will be strictly preserved. At the present time the penalty for trespassing in pursuit of game is much heavier than it is in England.

Once I marked a chicken down near to where a farmer's wife was picking corn; so I rode round the bird to get between it and the woman and beat away from her. I shot from the poney and killed the chicken, with my back toward the woman, but she told her husband that the shots hit her, and I was forbidden hunting on his ground afterwards, and often joked for having shot a woman. I had heard of guns shooting round stacks of corn, but that was the only instance of one throwing shot backwards, that I have had positive proof of.

Returning from hunting one day near Elkhart, Ills., I met a farmer, who asked me if I was fond of rabbiting. I replied "*just the sport I do like,*" he said, "*why don't you come to my place, you can get all you want, why you can just slay them!!!*" That settled it at once. I began to think. *Slay? Slay?* Ah! I remember now, why Samson *slew* a thousand Phillistines and "*all you want*" again! surely that means two sacks full at least. The snow was pretty deep, and next morning I started on my old poney with plenty of shells, three dogs and two new sacks; and after a long hunt I found the *shanty* in the timber.

My friend was just starting out for a log, so he said, "*put your poney in the stable and hunt round here anywhere, until I come back and join you.*"

I found a bunch of seven quails and got two, and after a while I moved a rabbit which I killed. So after four hours work I gave it up in disgust, and just when I started for home he came back.

On describing my hunt to him, he explained. "*What! not found but one rabbit!!*" "*Why my dogs started two yesterday!!*"

I shall never forget that word *slay*. I could have *slayed* him if I dared.

I could fill a large volume with pleasing reminiscences of dogs, &c., &c., for I had two pointers at the same time, Sancho, (see likeness of him on the cover) and Shot, that among other things were constantly standing on quail, when bringing in dead birds



in their mouths, but I have no space at command, so must *hark back*!

In flushing game before a dog, it is best to walk up very quietly, or you may make him nervous and unsteady. Study carefully from the wind and circumstances, the probable position of the game, and do not walk *direct to it* or appear in a *hurry*, as most likely it is watching you, and will let you get much closer, if you appear to be going past it.

Try and drive your birds in the direction most easy to follow, and rise them against wind if possible, as they will not fly so swiftly.

If ducks, say a couple of mallards, are coming *right over you*, let them get well past before shooting; there is plenty of time for a double shot, and if you shoot under them from behind, they are more easily killed than from the front, as the feathers are softer.

I am convinced that one-half of the shots missed, thought to be out of range, would have been effective if the gun had been held more forward; as it must take longer for shot to travel 60 than 20 yards, and allowance has to be made for the time lost in *pulling trigger, fall of hammer, ignition of cap, combustion of powder and reaching the object*, which, however instantaneous it may all seem at first thought, would allow a bird in fast flight to travel several feet.

Often, when shooting at several birds, and one has dropped, you hear a companion say: "What a splendid shot," when, in reality, it was not the bird you aimed at but one several feet behind it that was killed; and if it had been a single bird fired at you would not have killed at all.

The great advantage claimed for the breech-loading gun is not only the rapidity of firing and reloading, but that however foul the barrels may be, the shells are each fresh and clean, and, moreover, the shot can be changed in a moment as occasion may require.

Sometimes when loaded for snipe with 10 shot, you suddenly come upon a chance of a shot at large game, your shells can be changed in a second, whereas you may as well have thrown a stone as shot at it with the charge of small shot.

In trap shooting, it is always advisable to have a supply of shells loaded with the Dittmar or smokeless yellow powder, for if shooting with the use of both barrels, now becoming so general, should the atmosphere be close and muggy, no matter what sort of black powder is used, if the bird goes straight away, the second barrel will be almost useless in 9 out of every 10 shots.

I had the pleasure of an introduction when in New York to Mr. J. Von Lengerke, the representative of the Dittmar Co. He presented me with 100 loaded shells for a trial, and they were used by the Englishman in the Bogardus-Rimell match at Pittsburgh, for the first barrel. He scored 90 dead in bounds and 9 over the fence, which was only 50 yards in front of the traps. Bogardus used Dittmar in his first barrel in same match and scored 96 in bounds and 3 dead over the fence, at 30 yards rise, five ground traps, under English rules.

The great secret in the use of Dittmar powder appears from the trials I have made, and which is also Mr. Lengerke's opinion, that the more perfectly the powder is confined in loading, the greater will be the power and of necessity the better will be the results.

I strongly advise the use of wads *without* any indentations, particularly for Dittmar powder, for in loading shells there is no necessity for them on the score of escape of air, as there was in the old muzzle loading times. If the indented wads are used, care should be taken that the air holes are not exactly over each other, but I think the makers of wads would do well to drop them altogether.

With a 10 bore, 9 lb. breech-loader, I use by measure  $5\frac{1}{2}$  drams of C diamond grain Dittmar or Orange Lightning powder; a Baldwin dry wad to keep the grease from the powder; two thick, strong greased wads, *well rammed down* singly, and another Baldwin dry wad on the shot.

The brass shells I think far best for Dittmar powder, as they will admit of a wad a size larger than the paper shells, and the tighter the wad the better must the explosive power be confined in leaving the barrel. In loading with Dittmar it will be found a very great advantage to let the shell remain all night, or at any rate a few hours after the powder and the wads are well rammed



down before putting in the shot, as it will admit of considerable more pressure on being struck with the mallet afterwards.

A rammer made of iron something in the same style as a wad-cutter, closely fitted to the shell, will keep the wads level and prevent the sides turning up.

Soft felt wads, or soft wads of any kind, are of *no use whatever* with Dittmar powder. I have cause to remember it, for I lost a good match through using them. My candid opinion is, that *properly loaded*, the Dittmar powder is as good, both for quickness and killing properties, as the best black powder ever made. That is my own experience.

Occasionally, perhaps, once in one or two hundred shots you may find a shell that appears defective, but that is also the case with all powders, because it is almost certain to arise from the raising of the wads, particularly in brass shells, or some error in loading.

Without wishing to favor any particular make of powder, I recommend every gunner to use the very best he can purchase; no cheap, dirty trash.

Orange Lightning is the make I always use in my matches. I do not say it is better than any other, but I have always found it alike, truly and thoroughly reliable, which is what I want.

I remember Bogardus used it when in England in 1875, and I believe has continued doing so up to the present time, and considers it *the best*.

We Britishers have a great notion of sticking to a good thing, and I purpose keeping to Orange Lightning as long as it maintains its present excellence.

A great difference of opinion exists on the merit of large and small bore guns, and large and small sized shot.

With a small bore gun, say No. 18, there would be double the friction that there would be from a 10 bore, because double the quantity of shot would be exposed to the inner surface of the barrel.

Friction means consequent loss of power and velocity, and loss of velocity means loss of penetration.

I am of opinion, without any actual scientific data to guide me, that there would be 25 per cent. greater velocity and power with

a No. 10 guage gun, 5 drams of powder and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of shot, than with an 18 bore gun loaded with 3 drams of powder and 1 oz. of shot.

All that may not be of much consequence in shooting at a *straight away* bird at 25 or 30 yards, but apply it to a fifty yards *quartering shot* and *it will astonish you*, and show the necessity of shooting well forward.

The larger the size of shot the greater the velocity; thus, No. 3 shot will travel 10 per cent. or more faster than No. 7, and consequently makes greater penetration, which will account for its killing at greater distance.

After a common sense consideration of the subject, I have come to the conclusion that a 10 guage gun of 9 lbs. weight, 30 inch barrels, is the best suited for all purposes.

It is not too heavy to carry in the field, and is of sufficient weight to allow of 5 drams of powder and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  oz. of shot, when handled by a person of ordinary physique.

If a gun is found to rebound seriously, it is obviated entirely, at a cost of 75 cents, by a rubber pad on the butt.

I use  $5\frac{1}{2}$  drams of best powder in matches, and can shoot 100 double shots without the least soreness of the shoulder or inconvenience to the nervous system from concussion, whereas without the pad, I should be almost unable to raise my arm at 100 double shots.

With regard to shot, I am much in favor of small sized shot as a general rule. No. 9 New York, with good load of powder behind, is very effective. Try it for the first barrel.

The original inventor of the double-barreled gun was either very stupid, or what is more probable, he was a left handed man, for certain it is that the triggers are placed in a favorable position for a left shouldered shot.

It would be found much handier in use if the first trigger was placed where the second now is, and the left barrel used first, as it is easier to move the finger forward than take it back, and it would glide more readily from one trigger to the other.

When I first noticed it, I changed them in my gun, and was delighted with the plan, but I foresaw that if it was adopted it would at first be very dangerous in the hands of strangers.



The first person to whom I showed it was a Welsh gamekeeper, almost always with a gun in his hand.

I explained it very carefully to him, and he liked it muchly, but was slightly offended as I cautioned him against accident when he began, as is usual to try the locks.

Almost on the instant off went the gun. He was, of course, handling the wrong hammer. Fortunately, I was clear of the muzzle, and no further damage was done than a few broken squares of glass in his employer's conservatory.

It is scarcely necessary to add that I replaced the triggers in their old form, and I leave it to a wiser generation to adopt the principle.

I cannot refrain here from noticing what appears to me a very *sad waste* of life, and food intended for man, in the wanton destruction of game, and particularly wild fowl, in the Western States, for the purposes of sport only, the birds when shot down being left to suffer and die a lingering death from starvation.

A great deal of this may be caused by the arbitrary laws passed in most of the Western States, prohibiting the exportation of game, even by residents.

I know instances in Iowa of hunters killing chickens wholesale and leaving them to rot upon the ground.

It is very one sided policy, for, as a rule, Eastern hunters will spend and leave more money in a neighborhood where they are hunting, than three or four times the value of the game killed, so that indirectly the landowners would benefit by encouraging hunters and it would be selling their game pretty dearly. A market hunter will carefully gather all he kills and send it for sale where anybody who has not the time or the opportunity to kill game for themselves, can buy it and enjoy a dish of game at a moderate cost.

A rich man, who has the means at disposal, to command the best hunting grounds, and with every facility to get large quantities of game, merely shoots it down for so-called sport and leaves the poor things to perish, oftentimes in a single day destroying and wasting what would be food for *fifty families*.

I would suggest to all such gentlemen who would not like to handle the proceeds of game sent to market, that they should

send it free of cost to the nearest available hospitals, poor houses and public institutions, where the gift would be appreciated by the poor suffering inmates. The express companies would, doubtless, convey it free of cost. Another idea presents itself. Let the game be sent to market in the ordinary way and the proceeds given to some good charities, or handed over to the State Sportsmen's Association to provide a series of prizes at the annual tournament.

In trap shooting especially, it often happens that a single bird will alter the result of a match. How necessary, therefore, it is that not a particle of a chance should be thrown away in being provided with everything calculated to insure success.

If a cylinder gun is used, some shells with concentrators should be kept on hand, for with a good straight away bird, with the wind behind him at 30 yards rise, the advantage in using concentrators can scarcely be imagined, except by those who, like myself, have thoroughly tested them.

The concentrator must not be so tightly fitted in the shell as to break the circle, or the result will be disastrous. They are no use, therefore, in choke bore guns, and even some open bore barrels do not shoot well with them.

The U. M. C. concentrators are much too closely fitted even for their own make of brass shells, No. 10.



## PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS WITH GUNS.

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Never carry a gun with the muzzle in a direction that it would be dangerous to life or property if accidentally discharged.

Remember that the muzzle is the only dangerous part of a gun. Keep it pointed, therefore, either to the sky or to the ground.

There is more to be dreaded from a companion's weapon than your own; do not allow him to hold his gun so that you can see down the barrels.

When going through or over a fence, put your gun at half or full cock, for if it should catch in anything, it will not explode as it would if the hammer rested on the cap and was slightly raised and loosed. Keep it well in front, muzzle upwards, with the hand in front of the trigger guard. If you should be in company the one following should bring his gun through the fence pointing backwards.

When expecting game, the gun should be carried on the left arm if your companion is on the right side; or in the left hand, with the muzzle sufficiently upwards to be safe.

The finger should never touch the trigger until the game is moved; for if a stumble or fall occur in walking, and the finger is inside the guard, it is almost certain to cause an explosion.

The hammers should *never* be resting upon the cap or striker, *it is very dangerous*, as a very slight blow or concussion from a fall would cause a discharge. For 25 or 30 years I have carried my gun at full cock without an accident, and if the locks are good, I have always considered it the safest way.

If snow or mud gets into the barrels be careful to clear it well out before shooting. Many good barrels are either burst or bulged from some substance, even a wad being left in the muzzle.

When getting into, or out of a wagon, do not pull your gun after you. Keep it in front with the point well up.

A breech-loading gun need scarcely ever be loaded except when expecting game; but a few shells should be kept in the most convenient place in case of hurry.

Never take a loaded gun into a house, but either draw the shells or take off the caps.

“This to your memory keep.”

*Under no circumstances whatever attempt to de-cap or re-cap a loaded shell, but carefully draw the charge first.* If a metal shell, keep it well in front, so that the charge would be clear of you in case of explosion; and if a paper shell, better lose the shell by cutting it through to save the ammunition, than run the risk of taking off the primer.

In loading shells keep them well away in front, and be careful that the primer does not rest upon any hard substance, but have holes drilled out in the centre of the stand.

Have metal shells properly fitted for the chamber of your gun, and do not lend them, for if used in a gun of slightly larger calibre than your own, they will burst or bulge, and be useless for your own afterwards.

When loading a gun place the butt upon the foot and incline the muzzle *well outwards* quite *clear* of your head. If one barrel is fully loaded it should be turned farthest away, keeping the hand clear of it, and only the smallest portion of the finger that is necessary should be over the loaded barrel in using the ramrod. Both barrels should be at half cock, as the escape of the gas allows the powder to be driven well into the tube.

Take care not to leave tow or rag in the breech when wiping out the gun; it may be fired by the first discharge and igniting the powder in reloading, may cause a fatal accident by exploding the contents of the powder flask,

Have the caps properly fitted to the tube, so as not to burst in putting on; they will be easily taken off, and not liable to be lost.

A spare tube and wrench, a shell extractor, knife, screw-driver, piece of cord or string, and some small money will be found useful to a hunter.



Never put away a gun without wiping and oiling outside, and examine the locks often for fear of water and rust.

Wash the barrels of a muzzle loader very often, for in damp weather a large portion of the powder will be wetted, and becomes caked when forced down into the breech.

Be careful that your shells are properly loaded, and carry at least two sizes of shot for ordinary use. A few with buck and B B shot should be kept very conveniently for large game, or long shots at flocks of geese or ducks. I have killed 8 and 10 ducks at a double shot into a large lot at 100 yards, with 6 drams of powder and  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. of B B shot.

Great caution should be taken if the wad over shot should become loose, to remove it before putting in another cartridge; for if the weight of shot should force the wad to the muzzle of the gun, it would be almost certain to burst or bulge the barrel at the next discharge.

Many fine guns are spoiled by this simple thing, and either the maker of the gun or the powder (particularly if Dittmar or any other new explosive should be used), gets blamed for a casualty over which they have no control, and the real cause is never known.

It is not very likely that the strength of any powder (even if 20 drams were used), would be powerful enough to damage a barrel which has been tested to stand many times that power before leaving the factory.

In resting a gun upon the ground *never* place the hand over the muzzle; it is *very dangerous*.

Not long since I was hunting with a young man who was very careless with his gun. Several times I had occasion during the day to caution him, as he would place the butt end on the ground with the hammers on the caps, and his hand over the top of the barrels.

He seemed to regard my advise very lightly, forgetting the adage that "The *young* men *think* the old men are fools, but the *old* ones *know* the young men are."

About two weeks afterwards he was in a wagon with a spring seat, holding his gun in the same manner, and in going over some

rough ground the jolting caused the spring seat to raise the hammer sufficiently to discharge the gun and carry away the whole of the centre of the hand and cripple him for life.

If his gun had been at half or full cock, it would not have occurred.

Even the breech loader is not altogether free from liability to accident.

A few weeks since I handed my gun for five minutes to a youth to hold, while I was away to get a drink of water. I took precaution to draw the shells, but the young hopeful amused himself by cocking and hitting the hammers upon the strikers, and as there were no shells the force drove the pins further than usual, and the spiral spring failed to throw one of them back again into its place.

On replacing the shells I did not observe the projecting pin, and on closing the gun it pressed upon the primer, causing the cartridge to explode, and I had to thank God that the muzzle was pointed in a proper direction, which most likely saved the life of one of the party of men and dogs.

Since writing the above, I attended a small shooting match in the country, to which I was invited to act as referee, and although perhaps not more than 50 or 60 persons present, I met with four that had been the victims of gun accidents, admittedly through sheer negligence.

The first had his hand shockingly mutilated from a shell bursting when he was de-capping it. He had lost the thumb and two fingers entirely. The second had a hole drilled out through the center of the palm of the hand from the gun exploding in a somewhat similar way to the accident described in a foregoing page—hand over muzzle, but this case resulted more distressingly than even the other, for it left him with paralysis of the entire arm, so that he will never be able to raise his hand to his mouth again.

The third was totally blinded in one eye from the gun of a companion being discharged in his direction while duck hunting. The fourth was a case of holding the fingers over a loaded barrel while filling the other. The lock was worn, and the concussion



or shake in ramming a hard wad in a foul gun caused an explosion and carried away nearly the whole of thumb and two fingers.

There may even have been others among the company present who could have related piteous and woeful tales of misery resulting from foolish and incautious use of firearms, but it did not occur to me to inquire for them.



## REMARKS ON PIGEON SHOOTING.

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Pigeon shooting from the trap is now becoming a great institution in this country, and from the immense gatherings of splendid shots that I have seen, it would become exceedingly popular I think if the system of increased distances at handicaps and five ground traps was generally introduced.

The principle argument I find advanced against the ground trap is that the birds here will not rise well from them, forgetting that it is natural for a bird to try for liberty.

There is, indeed, good reason why they do not fly when the trap is loosed, for the poor birds are too often physically incapable from bad treatment and neglect.

If they were as expensive here as in England they would be better looked after. Coming from a journey, birds should have a day or two of rest in a good barn, with a plentiful supply of water and sand; should have double the present room given them in traveling, the coops being high enough to stand up in and move freely.

Pigeons should be kept in a large, well ventilated barn, with small, round perches not more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in thickness, and not allowed to be seen or approached by any one except the usual feeder.

Three or four times every day tame birds should be well scared by being driven in the barn with either a noisy whip or a switch that will hit without hurting them, and lead them to expect a whipping every time they see a person, but wild birds should be kept as quiet as possible.

Wicker baskets or hampers are best when on the shooting ground to protect them from the sun and allow free ventilation, without exposing them to the view of spectators.



The wildest looking birds, and those of cleanly and healthy appearance should be selected for present use.

Birds should be fed regularly and very moderately, morning and evening, with a mixture of all sorts of grain and seeds available, and supplied at all times, with some such as the following mixture :

A peck of old building mortar.

A peck of crushed bricks.

A peck of good fresh sand or small gravel.

One and a half pounds of Cumin seed.

Quarter pound of bay salt, well mixed and a little given fresh every day.

Water should be provided at least once per day in clean vessels so made, that being shallow in some parts, the birds can bathe freely.

In selecting for the trap, every squab and sickly, weak bird should be rejected and put into a separate room, which should serve as a hospital, as it is far better to keep such birds at home for a short time until they can fly, than to irritate and annoy the shooter with such trash, for they are equally unsatisfactory whether with plunge or ground traps.

Feed is cheap enough in this country that to keep them a few days would not be so serious an expense, and would be compensated for by not having any of them refused as being non-flyers.

I think it would be a very excellent plan to clip the tails of wild birds at the time of catching them, and before being cooped at all. It would prevent their getting filth and dirt upon the feathers and I am quite certain that the birds leave the traps much better and more regular with the tails a little shortened, and more particularly so with the long, swallow-tailed male birds.

Wild birds will be sure to fly well from traps, if not exhausted from traveling and want of food and water.

Many tame birds, either from being young or from having been home bred and constantly near to human beings, will not care to fly either from ground or plunge traps ; for if thrown from the latter they generally turn to the ground in a moment, and more particularly so if *dead birds* are allowed ungathered near the traps.

Tame birds will almost sure fly to the nearest building; it is advisable to place the traps so that in getting towards it the bird will be going straight away.

After keeping some 250 wild birds for two weeks perfectly quiet, I found they went from traps much faster when fed only once per day; for if allowed unlimited food a pigeon will become fat and lazy in a few days, for want of exercise.

I would, however, recommend that the barn where wild birds are kept should have a stretched canvass under the roof to prevent their being injured from flying upwards when scared, and striking the head against the top of the room.

In the Bogardus-Rimell, Lucas-Price, and Bogardus-Jewett matches at wild birds, out of 1,200 trapped, only 13 turned towards the shooters and were killed inside the circle of the traps. The new ground traps, where the bird is put in at the back and cannot turn, were used on those occasions. *See advertisement.*

The wild pigeon acts as nearly as possible like the English starling, and is very little larger than the common dove of England. He is off like a shot when the trap opens, and is, therefore, exactly suited for ground traps.

My opinion has often been asked as to the difference between the wild bird of this country and the English blue rock; so called because originally they were bred in the holes in the rocks or quarries, on the northeast coast of England.

The principal of the best birds now obtained for the London Gun Clubs, are from the large farmers in Lincolnshire, where houses are very thinly scattered. The high price paid for them for heavy matches, induces them to breed only from the small blue bird, although some of the white ones are equally fast and good, and calculated to flurry a shooter if one is occasionally introduced.

The rock is unquestionably stronger than the wild bird, but is considerably larger, and after seeing some good wild birds trapped in the Bogardus-Rimell matches at New York and Pittsburg, and recently in the Lucas-Price matches at St. Louis, I am decidedly of opinion that if the wild birds are in really good condition, they are quite as difficult to make a score with as the best English rock. It is useless to disguise the fact, however, that birds are seldom trapped here in good order; they frequently are



sent by express five or six hundred miles, and suffer badly from fright and privation, and are seldom taken from the coops in which they travel until trapped.

Birds should be fed and well watered as near to the time of shooting as convenient, and have water at the coops, if possible, in very hot weather, and not be exposed to sun or rain.

The tails should be cropped about an inch to keep them free from wet and dirt in traveling, and if not required for shooting that day, they should be loosed in the barn before sundown to allow for feeding time.

A little well soaked corn is a good substitute, if it is not convenient to water them in the coops.

With a plunge trap not one bird in three ever makes an effort to fly. They are jerked, or rather plunged into the air, just as a *dead cat* might be; and are shot at when they have reached the highest point, or as they are dropping, and before they have had time to extend the wings.

There is not a shadow of a pretext for saying that such *child's play* is any criterion of ability in the field; as it is not known there the exact spot from which the bird will rise, and there birds do not fly downwards as is nearly always the case from the plunge trap.

Just one little bit of advice to promoters of shooting tournaments in this country:

While I am quite willing to give every credit for the great trouble and expense bestowed upon the general arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of the visitors, they seem altogether to overlook the principal thing, and that is the condition of the birds to be used. It is very like the play of Hamlet with the principal character omitted.

An extra outlay of \$50 for a good barn would not be too much to be expected, when, as I have been told, it is not an unusual thing for a profit of from \$500 to \$1,000 to be made on a tournament, besides the advantage to the town where it is held.

In Europe, the party furnishing the birds also traps and handles them, and every bird hanging when the trap is pulled over, is refused *and not paid for*. That is the proper system to get birds that can fly. So long as plunge traps are tolerated, one bird is as

good as another if it is not actually dead when carried to the trap. I saw at a shoot a few days since the boys took the birds to the traps by the wings.

I was referee lately at a plunge trap match, where on a bird being challenged for shot marks and picked, the shoulder was found to be broken. There was no trace of shot marks, but some blood issued from a feather hole in plucking, the color of which and of the wound satisfied me that the injury had been caused quite 24 hours before. No question could have arisen with the ground trap because the bird could not have left the ground.

The five trap handicap system causes a little more trouble for the scorers and managers, and requires a little time to get appreciated, but when once thoroughly understood it will be enjoyed. It has entirely superseded the H. & T. one trap, one barrel plan in Europe, and nothing else is now known there. The plunge traps have never been seen there but they would not be tolerated, as they shoot for money and bet largely, therefore, a bird must fly or be refused.

Club competition in teams is thoroughly an American institution and a most enjoyable and sociable style of contesting among gunners, worthy of every encouragement if conducted upon more just and equitable terms than I have observed.

I would not have each team shoot off all their birds *in a squad* as at present, because much favoritism can be shown. One team may shoot when the weather, birds, wind, light and every other circumstance may be in their favor, and another may shoot when the sun is in their eyes, or when exhausted, and when the elements, birds and everything else is against them.

Let the whole company of contestants shoot separate and distinct as in an ordinary sweepstakes, and instead of following each other at the score *as a team*, let the position of every shooter be put on the list by drawing for places, and each round shot through in regular order. By that means the man who supplies the birds and the trappers could show no favor.

*The spirit of the competition would be kept up until the end of the shoot.* The scores of each team could be taken out and added together for the result.



Instead of 10,000 or 12,000 birds being required for a week's tournament, as it is with plunge traps, and squad shooting in classes, adopt the English system of five traps, each bird being gathered, and the trap refilled each shot; birds well prepared to fly from ground traps and not thrown into the air and shot at when the movement of the bird represents more nearly the gyrations one might expect if a lobster was used instead of a bird, and I feel perfectly satisfied that 99 out of 100 *genuine sportsmen* would go home better pleased in having seen 50 hundred good *shots on the wing* than the slaughter of some ten thousand half dead, ill-fed birds, tossed into the air and shot without exhibiting the slightest motion of a bird in flight.

Where will be found the genuine lover of field sports who would not rather kill say 12 brace of prairie chickens or quails, or even 20 couples of jack snipe, over a brace of good dogs, than bag four or five times that quantity of game if driven to the muzzle of his gun?

So with trap shooting. Give up the idea that sport and enjoyment consists in the slaughter of the largest given quantity of birds, and encourage the practice of less in number, and the exhibition of that sort of skill, the excellence of which will qualify for the enjoyment of that most exhilarating sport to be found on the prairies and in the stubbles.

A shooting ground ought, on the score of economy, to have a good, well-ventilated pigeon house, so that if birds are left over they need not be wasted and kept in coops huddled together before being required for a shoot. It is far better to have birds on hand several days before a tournament than run the risk of delay or neglect of expressage and consequent annoyance, to say nothing of the better condition of the birds.

There should be a compartment for tame birds, another with canvass lining over head for wild ones, and one for a hospital which should have a few perches close to the floor, say about 4 to 6 inches, as sickly birds are often illtreated by the strong ones, and wild and tame birds do not get on well together.

A barn can be easily put together so that the birds can neither see nor be seen. Get lumber 8 feet long and set them upright to overlap each other, one board in front of two, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. with about

same distance between outer and inner boards, and make the roof in same way. By that means you get perfect ventilation and perfect isolation.

On the ground of humanity, every bird should be gathered after each shot, and killed at once. In the Lucas-Price matches, at St. Louis, I first introduced dogs to bring in the birds, as it saves much time. Lucas' setter Don and my pointer Sancho did the work alternately, and nearly every bird was brought in by the time the next one was trapped, and a dog shows no favor, but goes straight to the bird regardless of the stake depending upon its being scored.

I attended a large club shoot where six or eight boys were employed to fill six traps at express speed. The birds were thrown into the air by the plunge trap, and after killing them as fast as possible all the day, they felt pleasure, I suppose, in being able to relate to their friends *who knew nothing about the merits* how many birds they had killed in a given quantity, and that is called sport.

One of the rules of the club was that the bird should be shot at *when on the wing*, and that the gun should be *below the elbow until the bird was on the wing*. If those rules had been strictly observed, not one in 10 was rightly scored, for they were shot at long before their wings had ever been extended in proper flight, such as a bird would take in the field.

Many birds, especially wild ones, get just the tip of the wing broken when caught or in traveling or handling, which can be easily observed in ground trap shooting, as, being unable to rise, they are rejected, but if thrown from a plunge trap, even if never touched with a single shot, they are allowed as a dead bird, and it is not at all unlikely where it is known what shooter the bird is intended for when trapped, the wing may have been broken intentionally.

In shooting from five traps with a dice, the trapper never can tell who will have the bird, therefore no collusion or favoritism will avail.

I was once explaining to the secretary of a large club how much better it was to shoot from the ground trap, and he told



me that the five trap plan was *too slow* for their club, as the trap had to be filled each shot, and they could not kill enough birds.

Of course, the ground trap shooting does not give the man who supplies the birds so much profit as the plunge trap does, but I hardly suppose the pigeon purveyor is to be considered to the detriment of the whole body of shooters.

Class shooting not being known except in America, it is perhaps well just to explain it. Every man in the shoot proper at 21 yards has a certain number of birds. All that make a clean score go into the first class, and are entitled to shoot off for the first prize at 26 yards. Those that miss one bird shoot off for second prize at 26 yards, and those missing two, shoot for third prize at 26 yards. If there are any ties in the second contest, all go back next time to 31 yards and remain at that distance until shot through; so that the prizes do not go to the best shots. It is a delusion and a snare to induce a novice to believe that he has a chance of winning.

The system is open to many very serious objections. A man who can not kill more than 8 birds out of 10 at 21 yards rise from the plunge trap, has no right to expect a prize for *good* shooting, which should be the object in all competitions.

It is not usual in other sports. In horse racing, only the best get prizes; whereas, here the second best gets nothing. It is also open to collusion, for you will often find that 3 or 4 of the very best shots "*form a pool*," and instead of honestly contesting for the first prize, they agree before starting to divide winnings, and then some *intentionally* miss one, two or three birds, as the case may require, by carefully watching the score book.

The ordinary shooter or novice who has scored his eight birds, finds himself in the ties at an increased distance, competing with men who would on their merits be in the first class; therefore, unless some accident occurs, this *clique or ring of sportsmen* pocket nearly, if not all the prizes, and quietly divide them equally afterwards.

This little game is played nearly everywhere; not only by so-called *professional* shots, but as much by those whose *position* and *pretensions* should place them above suspicion. A man may

argue that he has a *right* to miss one or more birds if he likes ; but I maintain that he has *no such liberty* according to all notions of *propriety*. So soon as he enters the arena of public competition, he becomes, so to speak, a public man ; and his acts are open to public criticism. The spirit and meaning of all competition is, that *every one should do his best*, and the shooter who kills his eight out of 10 birds, becomes properly and justly entitled to contest for the third prize. But if another man intentionally misses two birds and gets into the third class, he commits a *wilful and deliberate fraud* upon every man who has to meet him in the ties for that prize.

I do not find fault with class shooting if *honestly* carried out ; the shoot proper being merely a trial from which to obtain a handicap of three classes ; but after having found the exact handicap of each shooter, the three prizes ought to be of *equal value* to make it fair and just ; after all *that* is done you cannot tell whether every one *has* shot honestly and square in the trial ; that is the weak point, and there is no remedy for it.

An owner of race horses may say that he has a right to lose a race if he thinks proper, but in England the Jockey Club steps in and says "*your horse is public property so soon as he comes under our rules,*" and then let him lose a race intentionally and be detected, he would never have a chance to run another horse, nor would the jockey be allowed to ride one.

I say, therefore, that it is far better to do away with such conditions altogether, if they encourage *roguey and deceit*, and shoot under rules that can offer no inducement for anything but straightforward, honest competition. No other country in the world can produce such a lot of fine shots as there are here ; it puzzles me, therefore, how such an enlightened body of sportsmen should have tolerated class shooting for such a length of time. Let the prizes be given to the three or more best shots, to be shot out bird for bird after the ties, if any, and save time and expense of pigeons. Under the present system, too much is expended on the birds in shooting off ties, leaving very little for the winners in ordinary sweeps.

In order to give a reasonable chance to an inferior shot, let all be handicapped according to ability, at from 24 to 30 yards rise ;



and if the man at 24 yards is not a match for the very best at 30 yards, he cannot be said to have sufficient ability to expect reward in any competition.

There cannot be a greater fallacy than for an inferior shot to suppose himself on equal terms with a champion, because there are several classes; as many prizes as are given, so many first class men will go for them, and it is unfair then for him to subscribe an equal amount to the pool.

With a moderate entry of, say 50, at any State tournament, it is 1,000 to 1 against a novice getting a prize, unless he happens to have a score to himself unnoticed, and not have to shoot off the ties.

If a novice wanted a match single handed for money, the first class man would lay him \$500 to \$50, knowing it is 500 to 1 against his winning at equal distances; and that nothing short of some accident could prevent the giver of odds from taking it. But if properly handicapped, every man can stand a fair and equal chance of getting a prize, as the *best* can only make a given score at five trap shooting at 30 yards, if good birds.

In horse racing it is well known that weight will bring a pony and a race horse on equal terms; so in handicap pigeon shooting. Every man who can use a gun at all, should have a *good, fair* and *square* look in, which he can get in a handicap, and not throw his entrance money into a vortex. At present he stands in much the same position to a first class shot as a jackal does to the lion, simply provides him with food.

I know of an instance where, at one of the State Tournaments of 1879, a fine shot, who actually made the best score of the entire week, did not get a prize of a single cent, just because he was *not in a ring*, and it so fell out, that he, like Haidee in Don Juan—

“Forgot,  
Just at the very moment she should not.”

We wish to see every good, honest sportsman, handle some of the chips occasionally, and not find himself \$75 or \$100 out of pocket every time he favors a tournament with his presence.

Again, to bar a man from shooting because we think him a little better than ourselves, is very poor encouragement for excellence, and is *mean* and *cowardly* in the extreme; it offers every inducement for a shooter to lose intentionally sometimes, so that no one should know how good he really is.

In ordinary general shoots a champion should be put so that he may have a chance to win, and *then* there should also be prizes offered sometimes *for all on equal terms* to give some encouragement for ability.

I could relate two instances at least, where a stranger was actually barred, or as it was facetiously termed, *ruled out*, from an open competition for no other reason than that they did *not* know him; but he was unfortunately in the company of a good shot, and it was supposed they thought good shooting was as infectious as small pox.

Ask the "*champion wing shot of the world*" if he was ever *barred*, or *ruled out* of an open sweepstakes in any of his European excursions. I expect that he will tell you that not only was he invited to join in everything on *the same terms* as their *best* shots, but that when he won he was heartily congratulated on his success.

In trap shooting, holding the gun *below elbow* until the bird is on the wing, is an unnatural and uneasy position; and I will venture my reputation that no one ever carries his gun *so* when walking up to his dogs on game.

If you wish to make killing more difficult, it might be carried so far as to load the gun after the bird has been loosed. I have seen men in a position at the trap, that arms, legs and gun, forcibly reminds one of the collapsed sails of a windmill after a tornado. *See sketch on cover.*

Let the shooter hold his gun under the shoulder in as easy a position as he would in the field, and keep it there until he says "Pull." *See sketch on cover.*

It is impossible for the referee, wherever he may be placed, to see the gun and the bird at the same instant. It often gives rise to dissatisfaction, and leaves the shooter too much at his mercy.



The very moment the shooter says "pull," the referee can turn to see that the bird is well on the wing when shot at, under the English rules.

It is nothing unusual to see scores of 45 to 48 out of 50 killed, at 21 yards, plunge traps, with sickly birds, of which perhaps a third or more never could have got over the boundary line anyhow, if never shot at; but let the birds be good, and well cared for, rise 30 yards from five ground traps, 5 yards apart, and the wind behind the birds, and open 80 yards boundary; and the man who kills more than 40 out of his 50, can at once throw down the gauntlet for championship.

There can be no pleasure in making the killing of pigeons in a competition so great a certainty. With the five trap shooting it is more difficult, and tests the skill of the performer to a much greater extent.

Granted, it is perhaps gratifying to see your name in the "*Chicago Field*," or some local paper, with a lot of straight strokes instead of duck's eggs, but if all meet on fair terms, merit will come to the front.

In this great country where "Liberty" is on every coin, and "Equality," "Fraternity" and "Freedom" is on everyone's tongue, all men, so long as they conduct themselves honestly, and uprightly, should be welcomed in trials of skill and excellence.

"Is he a gentleman, or blackguard? Which?"

A gentleman!! He acts as sich!!"

## HANDICAPPING.

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Every State Association should, before the commencement of the shooting season, fix the handicap distance of each member for the year, which will continue, subject to any penalties for winning under rule 26 of the shooting code.

The basis for adjusting the distances should be taken as under from 24 to 30 yards.

24 yards, a known uncertain trap shot.

25 yards, a novice at pigeon shooting.

26 yards, a good game shot without experience at the trap.

27 yards, a known good trap shot.

28 yards, a fine trap shot and private winner.

29 yards, a large public winner.

30 yards, a champion shot on the wing.

Each member should be furnished with a certificate of membership of his State Association or Club, on which should be stated his handicap shooting distance, so that if he was taking part in any tournament outside his own State, the production of this certificate would entitle him to shoot at his settled distance, otherwise not being known he may expect to be handicapped at the extreme distance. The penalties for winning for each day will be found in rule 22, and in a tournament the winner of each large stake might fairly be penalized say 2 or 3 yards during the week, so as to give others a chance.

I am afraid we are too apt to call any man a professional who is a little better shot than ourselves and likely to take from us the paltry dollars subscribed to the pool.

Ask a shooter what is a professional shot? He will most likely reply, giving the name of some one entered against him of



whom he has a wholesome dread, *as being one*, and would join in a crusade to *rule him out* right away on the least intimation that he would be backed if he proposed it.

It reminds me of an answer I saw once as to the difference between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is any body else's doxy.

Some time since, I attended a shoot at Wenona, Ills., at considerable expense, and was *ruled out* of an open sweepstakes, on the ground *that if I was not then a professional I would be next week*, as I was advertised to shoot Bogardus for the championship of the world in a few days afterwards. At Indianapolis I was asked to withdraw from a sweepstakes on the promise that I should *certainly shoot in the next*, but although there were some twelve or fifteen shot in the first, not a single man would enter against me for the second.

Referring to professional shots: I should very much like to know what a professional shot is that, he should be *barred* or *ruled* out of an open shot in this free country?

If it is that to get a living at trap shooting constitutes a professional shot, I have never yet met with one that could succeed in the business in England. A few that have tried it might, perhaps, be found in the county poor houses.

Whether a man kills game and sends it to market or gives it away, it makes very little difference; there are many who are constantly hunting, who are not thought professionals or market hunters, who are, from constant practice, enabled to take most of the club prizes from others who, perhaps, handle a gun about once a month.

This difference of skill and ability cannot be remedied by class shooting, but handicapping will give each a fair chance.

There are lots of instances where men shoot matches for money, and do not hesitate to share the proceeds of the gate, and yet maintain their positions in high toned clubs. If a shooter of lower grade does the same thing, he is dubbed a professional at once.

I knew I would not be called a professional shot in my own country, so I thought I could get some exact information by asking the question from the "Chicago Field," and I got the following very straight and highly sensible reply.

#### TRAP SHOOTING.

"W. G. P.—Let me know in your next what constitutes the difference between a "professional pigeon shot" and an "amateur pigeon shot." Ans.—A professional trap shot is one who makes his living mainly or entirely by trap shooting. An amateur is one who shoots occasionally for his own sport. An amateur loses his title to be called an amateur as soon as he engages in any contest for added money, purse, prize or gate money in which a professional is engaged. But the line of demarcation is not drawn in this country in this sport as it is in other sports, for if it were so drawn and enforced, there would be few of our crack shots that could lay just claim to be called amateurs."

After that I need not say anything, except that the sooner the term is dropped the better, for there is scarcely a good shot in the country that has not at some time or other been directly or indirectly tainted with the professional disease.

As well might a lot of lawyers or doctors endeavor to prevent another who, from extra study and assiduity, or a little more knowledge, has acquired a local reputation and is enabled thereby to command larger fees and increased business, *from practising against them*, as for a man to be prevented shooting for prizes because he has attained a little more skill than others. One of these days we shall hear of an amateur runner being objected to, and on being questioned: "Did you not run against 'Time' a few weeks ago?" I did. "Did not 'so and so' the professional run also against 'Time' for money?" He did. Then, as you contended against "Time," and "Time" had previously contended against a professional for money, you must, of course, be one. You are *ruled out*, sir." Not at all worse than I was served at Wenona.

Since writing the above, I came across a singular case in the "Chicago Field" of yesterday, Sept. 18th:



Not long since I noticed in an account of a large State shoot, I am inclined to think it was in Iowa, but cannot be sure, that a well known sportsman who, by some good fortune, took the first money on the first day's shooting, was *barred* at a meeting of the Association that same evening as being a professional shot.

I have not the pleasure of being intimate with him, but I thought at the time it was a very unsportsmanlike proceeding, for, having noticed his scores at different shoots since I have been in this country, I imagine that he has been as much the *jackal* and spent as much money freely in pigeon shooting as any man in his State.

Now, I notice with pleasure that this sportsman upon whom the injustice was practiced, is announced in conjunction with four *real honorables* and one *real captain* as a judge at a large State Association field trials, to commence this month. One of the gentlemen connected with the "Chicago Field" was *complimented* with the offer of a similar appointment, but was reluctantly obliged to decline the *honor* in consequence of his position on that journal.

Since the above remarks upon "professional shots" were written, I notice in the *Chicago Field* a challenge, which I cannot refrain from making some allusion to; and as it is an open offer, I presume I am at liberty to refer to it.

"A CHALLENGE.—The St. Louis Gun Club have authorized us to make the following challenge: The club will shoot ten men against the same number of men, who have been members of any regularly organized club six months' previous to the date of this challenge (professionals and market-shooters barred) for one thousand dollars a side; thirty wild birds each man, ten at 21 yards, ten at 26 yards, and ten at 31 yards rise, plunge traps. The match to be shot in St. Louis, and twenty dollars allowed each man for traveling expenses. Gate money to be divided, and the winning side to pay for the birds."

If ever a challenge was issued more strongly flavored with the *professional* element, I never saw it. 20 gentlemen, members of high-toned Gun Clubs, dividing *gate money*! Again, twenty dollars to be allowed each *gentleman* for traveling expenses. Now if such challenge had stipulated that the match was to be shot for the "*proud title of supremacy*," choice of place to be

decided by tossing, free admission to the public, and each man to pay his own expenses, cost of birds, and a good dinner and wine afterwards, I could appreciate it.

The conditions here are such that the verriest exhibition shooter, whose sole existence depended upon his gun, could not have been made to appear more like a money-making transaction than this one does.

Again, what has the poor *market hunter* done, that he is to be lowered in the *scale of creation*, and not thought fit to consort with your *club man*? Is this a Republican doctrine? I cannot detect what difference it makes to a farmer whether your *high-toned hunter* or your *market hunter*, kills his game and takes it off his land. I should not be at all surprised if your market-hunter does not leave more game behind him at the farm houses than the others, at least it is what I have learned from my intercourse with the farmers themselves. On one point there is a marked difference. If a farmer politely asks a market-hunter not to trespass on his land, he keeps *a civil tongue in his head*, and heeds the warning, because he can not afford to pay \$25 in fine and costs for trespass. Not so with your rich man to whom \$25 is as a *flea bite*. He often considers himself perfectly justified in abusing the man who is endeavoring to protect his own rights, and indulging in language not *fit for ears polite*.

I was brought up in what is called an *exclusive school*, but I have been here long enough to see that among the many very jolly, good-hearted sportsmen I have met, there will of necessity be, or rather there are, some few of the veriest exclusivists that would do well to mix with the staunchest Conservative or Tory that my country could produce.

Should the challenge be taken up, and the names of the 20 shooters be made known, it is considerable odds that 15 of the 20 will be found, either by direct or collateral evidence, to have joined in a *contest for a money prize*, either with an acknowledged *professional* shot, or with some one who from having engaged in a similar way, with those who may inadvertently have become contaminated, and are, according to the dictum of the *Chicago Field*, to all intents and purposes, professionals themselves.



There can be no half measures ; the line, if drawn at all, must be drawn straight, and there is no getting out of it.

If they get tarred with the *professional brush* it will stick to them.

I confess from what I have seen, and as far as I am a judge of shooting, that I do not think any club in the United States, could send ten men that would have any chance with the St. Louis Gun Club.

The question is,

Can the St. Louis Gun Club find ten first class men to come within the conditions? Perhaps they do not intend it to apply to themselves.

Chicago could find the men, perhaps, but their best shots are split up into so many little clubs for the purposes of qualification for team shoots at the State Tournaments, in consequence of the very absurd rule that prevents a club from sending more than one team, that no one club there could furnish ten first class shots.

I would much like to know what some of my blue-blooded countrymen, who shot matches with Bogardus when in England, would say if they were to be called "professional pigeon shots."

I would just casually mention that *gate money* is not known in England, among ordinary pigeon shooters.

The admissions paid by the public go to augment the club funds and provide handsome silver cups and international trophies which are given to be shot for free, weekly, during the whole season.

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[From the *Chicago Field*, Oct. 23, 1880.]

"WHAT IS A PROFESSIONAL?—The challenge of the St. Louis Gun Club, published in our last issue, has brought us several inquiries, whom the club consider professional trap shooters. To express the views of the club on that subject is not within our power ; but having been also requested to state what we consider constitutes a professional, we have no hesitancy in saying that a man can be regarded as a professional only, who makes his living by trap shooting ; in other words, one whose business is trap shooting. The fact that a man has shot for money does not, at

the present day, constitute a professional, for if so, there would be very few who shoot at the trap who would not be professionals, as every man who has shot in a tournament would be one. Whether for five dollars or five hundred, does not make any difference. The time was when such a distinction could be made; but, like many other rules, the current of events has completely obliterated it. And how gate money has any bearing on the question, we fail to see. Who, for instance, would claim Mr. W. B. Hauworth and Mr. J. D. Lucas to be professionals? Each has shot for a large stake and for gate money, and is in business and shoots at the trap for pleasure; neither makes his living by it. On this subject we shall have more to say at a future time, as it is a most important one to trap shooters, and is constantly coming up at tournaments and causing much annoyance to those whose only claim to be considered professionals is, that they are good shots."

It will be seen the bold challenge of the St. Louis Club has opened up a controversy which I hope will be the means, before the trap shooting season commences, of once and for all settling this question. The Club should reply. The above sensible article has just *hit the right nail on the head*, the whole secret lies in the concluding 14 words. Although invitations are issued by advertisements to induce most good and noted shots to attend tournaments in order to draw a crowd of visitors, if a man travels some hundreds of miles, it matters little whether he wears *blue jeans* or the orthodox hunting suit, it is 10 to 1 if he is a good shot, and likely to win a prize or two, that he gets *barred or ruled out*.

Away with such petty, miserable subterfuges, once and forever, and throw the whole thing open to the world in the interest of sport and friendship.

Here is an example worthy of imitation throughout the country.

#### ST. LOUIS SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.

PRESIDENT,

CAPT. W. W. JUDY.

TREASURER,

FREDERICK POHLMANN.

VICE-PRESIDENT,

GWYNNE PRICE.

SECRETARY,

CHARLES B. WOODWARD.



Any sportsman will be allowed to join in the sweepstakes, without any risk of being *ruled out*, and enjoy the privileges of the Club without cost. Visitors admitted free. Regular shoots every Friday during the season. The Club prosecutes dog stealers.

Now contrast the above manly and sportsmanlike conditions with the exclusive, *dog in the manger* rules of some Clubs, where they will not even admit the public by payment, to see the shooting.

I cannot conclude without tendering my heartfelt thanks to a large number of sportsmen and others I have met with during three years hunting in this country, for much kindly expression of good feeling and welcome.

In offering my opinions on little shooting matters at very likely their full value, 25c., I have no desire to thrust my enthusiasms upon anybody, although I have been accused of doing so, and been told that as an alien I have no right to offer an opinion. No great harm can come from it, however, and some little good might. Not a single word is written with the least unfriendly feeling towards anybody. If I write apparently strongly, it is because I feel sensitive on the points to which I refer; and it is, perhaps, my failing to "*feel what I write, and write what I feel.*"

My desire is—

To see class shooting abolished as *encouraging fraud*.

To do away with any distinction between professional and other shooters, as *impracticable and impolitic*.

To discontinue plunge traps, as *puerile and unsportsmanlike*.

To adopt ground traps and handicap distances, so as to give every shooter a *fair chance of winning*.

To have birds better cared for and *trapped in good condition*, and the object of this little publication will have been attained.

"Go forth my little book, from this thy solitude,

*I cast thee on the world—*

*Where after many days, perhaps, there may spring forth*

*Such heaps of blossoms that ——"*

"Bosh," says a *sporting fiend* looking over my shoulder while I am writing, "*much more likely to find it lining some*

*new trunk, wrapping up caramels, or butter at the corner shop!"*

Away with it to the d----l at once, and let it take its chance! I mean the printers imp of that name, of course. This, after all my trouble? My heart is bursting!! I can no more!!

Very faithfully,

GWYNNE PRICE.





# RECORDS OF MATCHES UNDER ENGLISH RULES

## IN 1880.

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I would suggest that in sending for publication, reports of matches or sweepstakes, under English rules, where the value of the prize is not less than fifty dollars, that the name of the maker of the winning gun and powder should be given. It would be a good reference. Thus:

I. B. Sharpsight, 10 bore 9 lbs. gun, imp. W. W, Greener.  
 Dittmar & Orange, Lightning powder, 1st prize, \$150, or,  
 U. R. A. Quickshot, 12 bore, 8 lbs. gun, Jos. W. Crookes,  
 St. Louis, Orange Lightning powder, divided, 1st prize, \$75  
 each.

The figure 2 to denote killed with second barrel is a very simple mode of scoring. It is very advisable in handicap shooting that where the contestants in the ties agree to divide the money, the match should be shot out bird for bird for the purpose of classification and records, and more particularly because *only one* need be penalized for winning, unless the second and third prizes should be \$100 or more, in which case, of course, they would be subject to the penalty also.

Ground trap shooting is destined next season to assume a national importance, therefore, a few records of the past year may not be uninteresting for future reference.

The value of a record score depends entirely upon the quality of the birds shot at and the circumstances attending the shoot such as weather, boundary, and how many birds were killed within the circle of the traps as incomers. The newspaper reports should give all requisite information.

The first match of the season was between Fred Erb, jr., 28 yards, and Captain Bogardus at 30 yards rise, at St. Joseph, Mo. Erb scored 93 and the Captain 83.

I have no published report, but have been credibly informed the birds were so bad that not one in ten would leave the traps without being driven away by local boys who had a propensity to make Erb's birds fly towards the gun, and that considerably more than half of his birds were killed inside the circle of the traps. As a record, therefore, I consider it unworthy of notice.

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## THE BOGARDUS-ERB MATCH AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

MAY 1, 1880.

### *Conditions of Match:*

100 Wild Pigeons each, five ground traps, five yards apart; English rules; 30 yards rise.

Captain Bogardus, before commencing operations, made a statement to the effect that the announcement that the match was for \$500 a side was erroneous. The preliminary arrangements by telegraph stipulated for that amount, but a stake for \$100 a side was ultimately agreed on. There was no trouble in selecting a referee, Mr. S. A. Tucker, the Western agent for the Parker gun, who was acceptable to both parties, kindly consenting to act. It was suggested that the men should toss to decide who was to lead off, at which Erb remarked, "You start the ball—you're the champion," and Bogardus accommodated him to that extent.

The birds were wild ones, and at the distance—thirty yards—very hard to kill, a good many of them carrying lots of shot beyond the flags.

They were said by some who had never seen anything but plunge traps, not to have been good, because three or four were trapped with the wings tipped in traveling, which could not be noticed unless they had been loosed in the barn; and some half dozen in the 200 were slow from traps.

It was understood that they only arrived on the ground about an hour before sweepstakes shooting commenced, after a journey from Northern Michigan, of three nights and two days. They were refreshed in the hampers with a little soaked corn, and the



200 required for the match were selected by the Captain and his *bottle-holder*, Abe Kleinman, and watered.

What sort of a score the two great champions would have made if the birds had been treated to a few days' rest in a barn, is only conjecture; as it will be seen from a carefully taken return, that with one barrel only, Erb would have made a record of 55 and Bogardus 65; so the expressed opinion is not worth much, for, if the birds had not been good, a better score would have been made without the second barrel.

What little wind there was to assist the birds from the traps was kept from them by the spectators crowding round the shooters.

Under the ground trap rules, a bird must fly, therefore, if shot at on the wing, there is no necessity to examine it for shot marks.

#### THE SCORE.

Bogardus—

I I I I I	2 I O I I	2 I O I I	I 2 O 2 O
I I I I I	I I I I I	I 2 I I I	O I I I I
* I 2 * I	I I 2 2 I	I I 2 O I	2 2 I * 2
I 2 I 2 I	I• I 2 I O	2 2 I I O	I I 2 I O
I I I I I	I I I I O	I I I I O	I 2 I I I—86

Erb—

I 2 2 O I	O I O O O	2 2 I I 2	I I I I O
O I I 2 I	2 2 I 2 I	O O * I I	I I I 2 I
I I I I I	I I I I I	I I O I I	I I 2 2 2
O 2 I I I	I I I I I	I 2 O I O	I * I I O
2 I 2 O I	2 I I 2 I	2 I I I I	I I 2 I I—83

\*Fell dead out of bounds.

#### MATCH BETWEEN BOGARDUS AND RIMELL,

AT NEW YORK.

[From *New York Herald*, July 1, 1880.]

“The first of the two shooting matches between Capt. Bogardus and Mr. Rimell for \$500 each at 100 birds each came off yesterday afternoon on the race course at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, which was won by Captain Bogardus, who shot Mr. Rimell out at

the ninety-first bird, he then being 10 birds ahead. Bogardus shot at thirty yards and Rimell at twenty-nine yards rise.

Captain Bogardus shot with a hammerless gun made by Scott, of London, a twelve bore, weighing ten pounds, six ounces, in which he used in the first barrel Dittmar powder and No. 8 shot, and in the second barrel he used Orange Lightning powder and No. 7 shot, with five drachms of powder in each. Mr. Rimell shot with a gun made by Price, of London, weighing nine and a quarter pounds, ten bore; the first barrel a concentrator and the second a choke bore, five drachms of powder in each. The birds were all wild, brought from a distance, and on the way many were injured and could not fly when the traps were sprung, but others were as wild a lot as were ever shot at, and went away like the wind. The attendance was quite numerous, and considerable betting was indulged in, Captain Bogardus being a great favorite. The following is

#### THE RUNNING SCORE.

Captain Bogardus—IIIOI, IIIIOI, IIIIO, IIIII, IIIII, OIIIO, IIIIOO, OIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIOO, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIIO, IIIII, I. Total, 91—killed, 79; missed, 12.

Mr. Rimell—OIIOO, OIIII, IOIOI, IOOII, IOOII, IOOII, IIIIOI, IOIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IOIII, IOIII, IOOII, IIIII, IIIIOI, OIIIOO, OIIIOI, I. Total, 91—killed, 69; missed, 22.

Bogardus—

\* Towerers—IIIII. Total, 5—all killed.

Incomer—I. Killed.

Rimell—

Towerers—III. Killed all.

Incomers—II. Killed both.

Twister—I. Killed.”

[The *New York World* says of this match:]

“The shooting, as a whole, was just good, some extraordinarily good work being done, while both men did some very bad shooting, Bogardus missing three at one time in succession that certainly looked like carelessness. Rimell, when in good condition—which he was not in yesterday—is certainly an excellent shot, and some of his kills with his choke-bored second were wonderful shots.



But to beat a man like Bogardus, especially in a shoot at 100 birds, needs not only great skill but perfect condition."

## SECOND MATCH BETWEEN BOGARDUS & RIMELL,

AT NEW YORK, JULY 3D, 1880.

[From the New York *Clipper*.]

"The weather was much pleasanter on the day of the second match, when the conditions were the same as before, with the exception that Rimell stood twenty-eight yards from the traps, while Bogardus stood at thirty yards. The batch of birds brought for this match were better than had been used before, but the marksmanship displayed was grand, and precious few of them managed to elude the lead. Of those fired at by Bogardus, only one flew out of bounds, and even it did not escape with its life, falling dead when beyond the limit. The champion shot with the most unerring accuracy, killing forty-six in succession to commence with, losing the next, and then dropping the remaining fifty-three, which gave him the unequaled total, at thirty yards rise, of *ninety-nine* birds out of one hundred. Rimell also did splendid shooting, killing eighty-eight out of his hundred, but the American was in such great form that the Englishman's score, though large enough to bet upon in most cases, had no chance. As in the previous match, Captain Bogardus shot with a hammerless gun made by Scott, of London, a ten-bore, weighing ten pounds six ounces, in which he used in the first barrel Dittmar powder and No. 8 shot, and in the second barrel he used Orange Lightning powder and No. 7 shot, with five drachms of powder in each. Mr. Rimell shot with a gun made by Price of London, weighing nine and a quarter pounds, ten-bore, the first barrel a concentrator and the second a choke-bore, five drachms of powder in each. The full score follows:

Bogardus—IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IOIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII. Total, 100—killed, 99; missed, 1.

Rimell—IIIOI, IIIII, IOOII, OIOII, OIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IOOII, IIIII, IIIII, IOOII, OIIIO, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IIIII, IOOII, IIIIO. Total, 100—killed, 88; missed, 12.

Incomers, 2.

Referee, P. Kelly, Fountain Gun Club. Time, 3h.

In the first match Bogardus had thirty-five rightaway birds, of which he killed twenty-seven; and Rimell forty-one, of which he grassed twenty-seven. In the second match Bogardus had thirty-five rightaways, killing all, and Rimell had fifty-three, of which he knocked over forty-two. There was but a single incomer for each man in each match. The powder used by Rimell made such a dense smoke that it was difficult to hit with the second barrel."

[The New York *World* says of this match:]

"A better display of wing shooting was never seen in this or any other country; both of the scores being equal to if not better than ever heard of before. The birds shot at were wild and very small, and the majority were very fast, only one bird being killed inside the traps."

### THIRD MATCH, BOGARDUS *vs.* RIMELL,

AT PITTSBURG, JULY 10, 1880.

[From the Pittsburg Papers.]

"Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the champion wing shot of the world, and Mr. George Rimell, of England, met for the third and deciding contest yesterday afternoon, on the Exposition grounds. The match was for \$250 a side. The weather was unusually warm, and there was a slight wind blowing from the right quarter, which will account for the many "left quarter" birds. Bogardus used his new hammerless Scott gun, weighing  $10\frac{1}{4}$  pounds, with Dittmar powder in the first barrel and Orange Lightning No. 6 in the second barrel,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  oz. shot. Rimell used a Price (London) gun,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  lbs. weight, with Dittmar powder in the first barrel and Orange Lightning powder,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  oz. shot in the second. The shooting was under the English rules, with the exception of the "rise" and "boundary," as Bogardus stood at thirty yards and Rimell at twenty-eight yards, and the boundary was in some places only about fifty yards, while in others nearly ninety, (the enclosed grounds being the boundary). The birds, supplied by Bown & Son, were in very good condition, they being young, wild ones,



and out of the two hundred, there were only two incomers and four loafers, and when set at liberty rose rapidly in the air, but so skillful were the contestants that few escaped with their lives. Taking the condition of the ground into consideration, the shooting was excellent, and was hugely enjoyed by the six hundred spectators who were inside the enclosure, and by about half that number who were on board piles and house tops in the neighborhood. Sporting men who witnessed it, say the greatest skill was shown by both marksmen.

The contest consumed three hours, the men keeping constantly at their work. The following is the official score and summary:

#### THE SCORE.

Bogardus' Score—1112110\*1110\*1111211211121122111121112111111221111221210\*111211211110\*222121111112121222111211211112111. Total, 100.

Rimells Score—2120\*22221112121211110\*2111111111222022120\*00\*122111121111121111122211110\*20\*111110\*2111122221222110\*1\*11212. Total, 100.

2 Denotes killed with the second barrel.

\* Fell out of bounds.

#### RECAPITULATION.

Bogardus—Birds shot at, 100; used the second barrel 31 times.

		<i>Killed.</i>	<i>Missed.</i>
Drivers.....	41	40	1
Quarterers to right.....	26	23	3
Quarterers to left.....	32	32	0
Towerers.....	1	1	0
Incomers.....	0	0	0
	---	---	---
Totals .....	100	96	4

Dead out of bounds, 4.

Rimell—Birds shot at, 100; used the second barrel 41 times.

		<i>Killed.</i>	<i>Missed.</i>
Drivers.....	24	21	3
Quarterers to right..	36	29	7
Quarterers to left .....	38	38	0
Towerers.....	0	0	0
Incomers .....	2	2	0
	---	---	---
Totals.....	100	90	10

Dead out of bounds, 9.

Referee—S. S. D. Thompson, of the Sportsman Association.

Official Scorer—E. F. Bown.

Bogardus has gone to Albany, where his son shoots a match to-morrow. Rimell has gone to the Rocky Mountains and the Indian Territory, where he will remain some considerable time, to further test his skill at large game. He has announced he is willing to contest with any marksman in the country except Bogardus."

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## CAPT. A. H. BOGARDUS *vs.* C. G. JEWETT.

HOWELL, MICH.

From "CHICAGO FIELD:"—"The Howell tournament took place August 11 to 13, inclusive, as advertised, and was a grand success in every particular. The weather was beautiful, the birds were a splendid lot as I ever saw, and the attendance of shooters was much larger than we expected. The great event of the tournament was the match between Captain A. H. Bogardus and C. G. Jewett at 100 birds each, ground traps, 30 yards rise, English rules.

Capt. Bogardus shot his Scott hammerless gun, using Dittmar in his first and black powder in his second barrel; while Mr. Jewett used black powder in both barrels, and using the same gun (a Claybrough) that he has shot for two years, and with which he has won the Bogardus Glass Ball Championship Medal of America, the Michigan State Medal, the Howell Gun Club Medal, the M. S. Smith Silver cup, and in fact every other trophy that has been put in his way; and as soon as he wins our shot guns we will be ready to turn him over to the foreigners.

The match began at 2:15 p. m., with Jewett at the score, dropping his first bird, a hard driver, within five feet of the trap. The Captain on his fifth round got a driver with a constitution like that of Dr. Tanner, and after being filled full of shot from both barrels, struggled beyond the flags; his 14th and 31st flew away unharmed, while his 37th dropped dead over the boundary; he also lost his 51st, 69th, and 98th birds. Jewett killed his first 45 birds without a miss, his 46th falling dead out of bounds; here a little mishap occurred to Mr. Jewett, which probably was the main cause of his losing the match; on the 47th round the plunger came out of his left barrel, and while waiting for another



plunger to be put in, shot the Captain's gun, a thing he ought, and most certainly would not have done, had the match been for a stake of any importance. Again, when he had killed his forty-five birds without a miss, he was four ahead of the champion, and perhaps felt a little over confident that the match was his, and was not taking as much pains as he should have done, and instead of killing his birds close to the trap, he had unconsciously grown into the habit of letting his bird get too far from the trap before using his first barrel, and the second was of little avail; however, as soon as he discovered his error he settled down to business, only missing one bird in his last thirty-three. This is Mr. Jewett's first match at 100 birds; taking into consideration that he was shooting against the old war horse himself, his score was remarkable, and I doubt if you will see its equal in any of the trial matches yet to come off.

About 200 people witnessed the match, and were as orderly as a Quaker congregation. Time, two hours and thirty minutes. The score of the match is as follows:

## SCORE.

Bogardus..1221\* 11122 11201 22111 21111 22121 10122 12\*11 11222 11111  
10112 21111 11211 12211 11011 11112 11111 11111 11111 11111  
11011—93.

Jewett.....11112 21122 11211 11111 11112 11112 22211 12211 11111 \*11\*1  
11101 01110 21001 \*0112 21111 11121 12221 11211 12212 01112  
—90.

2 Second barrel.

\* Dead out of bounds.

Bogardus.		Jewett.	
Drivers.....	31	Drivers.....	39
Right quarter.....	49	Right quarter.....	37
Left quarter.....	19	Left quarter.....	23
Incomers .....	1	Incomers .....	1
	<hr/> 100		<hr/> 100.

Killed with second barrel—Bogardus, 27; Jewett, 23.

E. F. Mulliken, referee. ”

MATCH BETWEEN JOSEPH D. LUCAS AND GWYNNE  
PRICE, AT ST. LOUIS, MO.,

JULY 29, 1880.

[From the *Chicago Field*.]

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THE PIGEON SHOOT AT THE GRAND AVENUE PARK.

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*J. D. Lucas Kills 91 in a Hundred Birds, under the English Rules.*

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“The pigeon match which took place to-day (July 29), on the grounds of the St. Louis Sportsmen’s Club, between Messrs. Jos. D. Lucas and Gwynne Price, the English wing shot, resulted in a handsome victory for St. Louis’ representative, by a score of 91 to 75.

The conditions of the match were 100 wild pigeons each, from five new model ground traps, same as used in the Bogardus-Rimell matches, thirty yards from shooter and placed five yards apart; trap pulled decided by dice, unknown to shooter; double gun, use of both barrels; shooting under Gwynne Price’s new code of English rules; for a purse of \$200; the loser to pay for the birds; dead birds to be brought in by a dog. Capt. W. W. Judy, referee.

The birds were very fine and strong, not a single young one in the lot; they were supplied by Mr. W. W. Judy. Price shot very unluckily; his birds would get over the boundary line, whereas those of his opponent were just the reverse.

The experiment of cropping the tails of wild birds was tried for the first time, and had a very good effect, as they fly much steadier.

Mr. Price, who has seen much trap shooting in England, said during the match that, after his experience of wild birds in this country, he liked them better, when in really good condition, than the blue rocks of the old country. The wild bird, he said, is considerably smaller than the average English blue rock, and no



doubt a little softer in the skin and feather, but when in perfect condition he considers them as difficult to make a score with as any he has ever seen.

The most novel feature of the match in this country was the introduction of dogs to bring in the birds, after the English fashion. Under the rules the bird is not scored until caught by the dog, but in nearly every instance the birds were brought in by the time the next bird could be trapped. Mr. Price's pointer Sancho and Mr. Lucas' setter Don did the work, both of which were credited with many fine catches, and received the most hearty approbation and applause from the delighted spectators.

Immediately after the great match was over Gwynne Price offered to shoot another match on the same conditions, Mr. Lucas to stake \$200 to \$100, and it is settled to come off on Saturday, the 7th, at the same place.

Many prominent members of the St. Louis Sportsmen's Club, St. Louis, Carondelet, and East St. Louis Gun Clubs, turned out to witness what resulted in a most excellent score. The arrangements and accommodations were commented upon for their unusual excellence. The following is

#### THE SCORE.

Price—

2 1 1 2 0	0 2 1 1 1	1 1 2 2 1	1 2 0 0 1—16
1 0 0 1 1	1 2 2 0 2	1 2 2 0 1	2 2 1 2 2—16
2 1 0 2 2	1 2 2 1 1	0 0 0 1 2	2 2 0 1 1—15
1 1 2 0 2	2 0 2 1 1	0 2 2 0 0	0 1 2 2 1—14
1 2 1 2 0	1 1 1 2 2	0 1 1 0 0	1 0 2 0 2—14—75

Lucas—

1 1 1 0 1	1 1 2 0 1	1 1 1 1 1	1 2 1 2 1—18
2 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 2	1 2 1 0 1	2 1 2 1 2—19
2 1 1 2 1	1 1 2 1 0	2 0 1 1 1	2 1 1 2 0—17
2 2 1 1 1	1 1 2 1 1	0 1 1 1 1	0 2 2 0 1—17
2 2 2 1 1	1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 2 1—20—91

Only 2 incoming birds in the 200."

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says of this match:

"It is only fair to state that fortune decreed that the Englishman should have the most troublesome birds throughout, but it would have taken a Bogardus to outshoot Lucas yesterday. His

total of 91 dead birds out of 100 would have been a best on record six months ago. It has never been beaten in a match under similar rules by any one except Bogardus, and the champion never equaled it when the birds were as strong as those which were furnished yesterday.”

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## SECOND MATCH BETWEEN JOSEPH D. LUCAS AND GWYNNE PRICE AT ST. LOUIS,

AUGUST 7TH, 1880.

[*From the St. Louis Republican.*]

GWYNNE PRICE WINS HIS MATCH WITH J. D. LUCAS.

The shoot between J. D. Lucas and Gwynne Price yesterday afternoon at the Grand Avenue park resulted in a victory for the Englishman, after an even and at the end very exciting contest. The crowd was not a large one. The match was at 100 birds each, from five new-made ground traps, same as used in the Bogardus-Rimell matches, thirty yards from shooter and placed five yards apart; traps pulled decided by dice, unknown to shooter; double gun, use of both barrels; shooting under Gwynne Price's new code of English rules, Price staking \$100 to Lucas' \$200; dead birds to be brought in by dog. Capt. W. W. Judy officiated as referee. The pigeons proved very lively. Mr. Lucas used a Parker gun with Dittmar powder, loading his first barrel with No. 9 shot and his second with No. 7. Mr. Price used a Price of England gun and loaded with orange lightning using the same shot as Lucas.

### THE CONTEST

Opened very favorably for Price. He was evidently in good fix, for he downed 14 birds, nearly all tailers, before he made a miss of it. On the other hand, Lucas missed his fifth and eighth birds, and killed 9 straight. When 25 birds had been disposed of the score stood at 23 to 21 in favor of Price, and the friends of that gentleman were jubilant accordingly. From the twenty-fifth to the fiftieth bird Price weakened a little, so that when the fiftieth bird was disposed of he led Lucas by a single. Then the contest began to grow interesting. The luck, as usual, had been



against Price. His thirty-eighth bird got as far as the top of the fence and stood tottering there. It was a toss-up as to which side it would fall on. After staggering it fell on the outside, and a lost bird was credited the shooter. His fifty-fourth ran all around the park with the setter after him. The dog won the race, catching the bird on the fly. When sixty birds had been disposed of Lucas was still but a single one in the rear. Price made things even by missing his 63d, and Lucas dropped back a peg by missing his 64th. So they went at it nip and tuck until the goth bird on each side had been disposed of, when, as the scorer put it, Price had killed 74 birds and Lucas just as many. The next ten birds would settle the business. Price opened play with two barrels on a tailer and bagged his game. Lucas followed, winging his bird with the first barrel. Price followed with his two barrels again, but this time the feathers and the bird both flew, the latter going out of bounds. Lucas had luck again, bringing down the bird with his first barrel, and making figuers stand at 76 to 75 in his favor, with the crowd cheering. Price came to the front again and emptied both barrels with effect. Lucas missed his next bird, leaving the score again even and the crowd on the anxious seat. Price's turn came again, and again he missed, leaving Lucas on the next shot, again in the lead. Ninety-five birds disposed of, Price killing 77 and Lucas the same number, were the figures when Price began firing at his last five birds. He killed every one of them, while Lucas missed the first one of his five, and so lost the match by a single bird.

## THE SCORE.

Price —	2	1	1	2	1	2	1	1	2	1	0	2	1	1	0	1
	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	0	0	1
	1	1	0	2	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	2	2	2
	1	1	0	2	1	1	0	1	1	2	1	1	0	1	1	1
	2	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	0	0	2	0	1	1	1	1
Lucas—	1	1	2	1	0	1	1	0	2	2	1	1	2	2	1	1
	0	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	2	2	2
	2	2	1	0	1	2	1	1	2	1	0	1	0	1	1	1
	2	1	1	2	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	2	1
	2	0	1	1	1	1	0	2	0	1	1	0	2	0	0	1

—82

—81

[ *The Chicago Field* says. ]

“On Saturday, Aug. 7, we had the good fortune to witness the finest and most exciting match shoot it has fallen to our lot to come across.

Lucas having beaten Price badly in the first match, staked \$200 to \$100 on this one, although Price openly stated that it was lost from defective cartridges, but Lucas making such a splendid and unequaled score (except by Bogardus) of 91 in the match last week as recorded in your last issue, he was quite confident that he could win anyhow.

The birds (supplied by Judy) were every one old and wild ones and having been carefully kept in St. Louis for ten days and only caught two hours before the match, were the best lot I have ever seen leave the traps. The tails were all cropped, as in England, and it proved unmistakably that they fly much faster and more regular in consequence. The new ground traps, Bogardus-Rimell pattern, acted admirably; and the use again of Lucas and Price's setter and pointer in the retrieving the dead birds, pleased the spectators amazingly. Lucas used a choked Parker gun, and Price an English London gun, first barrel open with concentrator, second choked. Both used Dittmar in first barrel. Price used Orange Lightning in second.

It will be seen by the score that Price got 35 of his 37 first birds and was 5 birds ahead at that time, but Lucas picked up so wonderfully that it was a tie at the 70th bird. At the 80th round Lucas was one bird ahead, but at the 90th bird it was again a tie, and the match became most exciting. Both men missed two in the next five, and as they were on level terms at the 95th round, it looked very much like being a tie; but Lucas got his 96th, such a straight-away, twisting hawk-like flyer that even the mighty Bogardus would have let it go away without any discredit, and it just lost him the match, as Price, shooting with great coolness at the finish, scored seven of his last eight and thus brought off the two to one chance and won one of the very finest matches ever seen. There were only 4 incomers in the whole 200.”



CAPT. BOGARDUS AND SON EUGENE VS. JOSEPH  
D. LUCAS & GYWNNE PRICE.

AT ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER 27, 1880.

[*From St. Louis Republican.*]

"The sportsmen of St. Louis turned out in fair numbers yesterday afternoon to witness a pigeon-shooting match at the Grand avenue base ball park, between Capt. A. H. Bogardus, champion shot of the world, and his son Eugene, aged 15 years, against Joseph D. Lucas and Gwynne Price, two crack St. Louis shots.

The match was for a purse of \$250, at fifty birds each, from ground traps, five yards apart. The contest brought together about 300 persons, mostly gentlemen interested in field sports. The interest manifested was great, but there was very little noisy demonstration, and the affair was conducted in the most orderly manner.

The shooting was according to English rules, the traps being sprung by an assistant and decided by the throwing of dice. Capt. Bogardus stood at 31 yards, his son Eugene at 28 yards, and Messrs. Price and Lucas at 30 yards each. The birds were recovered by two fine dogs, one belonging to Mr. Price and the other to Mr. Lucas. A finer

PAIR OF RETRIEVERS

Never ran over a field, and as they bounded off after the wounded birds they excited the admiration of everybody. Mr. W. W. Judy acted as referee, and gave entire satisfaction by his impartial decisions. All birds that fell within the enclosure were counted. Those that went over or alighted upon the fence were counted as lost, no matter on which side they fell.

Capt. Bogardus and his son used the same gun, a ten-pound "Scott" breech-loader, No. 10 calibre. He used Dittmar powder in the first barrel and Orange Lightning in the second. Mr. Lucas used a weapon of the same weight and calibre, of Parker's make, and Price used a "Price" gun of splendid finish. It was noticed that Capt. Bogardus' gun made a loud, heavy report while that of Mr. Lucas was sharper and more defined in its ring. The discharge of Mr. Price's weapon sounded clear and distinct like a rifle. The shooting of Price all the way through was very

good, though the scores of all the contestants were by no means phenomenal. The weather at the beginning of the shooting was not very favorable. There was

#### A DULL LEADEN SKY,

And the smoke from the North St. Louis factories drifted over the park, making it not altogether the best atmosphere for the quick sight required to bring down swift-winged pigeons. The birds generally behaved well, all with two or three exceptions leaving the trap quickly when released. With the exception of Price, a second barrel was generally emptied before the birds fell. His delivery was quite and deadly. Bogardus at the outset shot wild, emptying both barrels at the first four birds, but bringing only one of the four down. The first shot was decided by the toss of a penny, and Lucas won. Eugene followed Lucas, then Price, with Bogardus last. Lucas led off, bringing down his first bird with one barrel. Eugene also killed his first but used both barrels. Price followed killing his bird at the first crack of his gun, the bird falling near the trap. Capt. Bogardus missed. Lucas followed up his first success killing

#### SEVEN BIRDS

In succession. Price kept up the spirits of the backers of the St. Louis team by bringing down seven also without missing. Eugene missed every other bird killing only five out of the first ten, and his father only killed seven out of the first ten. The stock of the St. Louis team went up as the score was announced and bets of \$5 to \$3 were offered on the St. Louis cracks, with no takers. But the game was not over. About this time the clouds dispersed and the sun shone out clear and bright. The captain and Eugene both began to improve their score somewhat, though when 25 birds had been shot at by each man Price and Lucas were 5 birds ahead, the score being 40 for St. Louis and 35 for Bogardus. From this period to the close Bogardus steadily gained, making one score of ten and another of eleven without missing. As the contest neared the end the St. Louis team was found to be

#### ONLY ONE BIRD

Ahead. Lucas had missed six birds out of ten while Eugene had killed nine. Price, however, was holding his own well.



taking care of the champion and keeping the St. Louis score a bird ahead. Eugene missed his 48th bird, making the score equal. Then the captain missed, giving St. Louis the advantage. Lucas however missed, his 49th shot, putting the tally equal again. On the last round every man brought down his bird amidst the applause of the audience, which had become greatly excited by the closeness of the contest. It was generally believed by the crowd that St. Louis had won by a single bird, but the tally of the referee and the official score-keeper both agreed, the score footing up 73 birds killed on each side. The following was

#### THE SCORE:

Price—IIIIIIIOOIOIIIIIOIIIIIIIIIOIIIOIIIOIIIIIOOII  
III; total, 41.

Lucas—IIIIIIIOOOIIIOOIIIOIIIOIIIOOOIOOIIIIIIOIOOOIOOIIII  
OI; total, 32.

Eugene—IOIOIOIOOOIOIIIOIIIOIOIIIIIIIIIOIIIOIIIOOIOIIII  
OIII; total, 34.

Capt. Bogardus—OOIOIIIIIIIOOIIIOIIIIIIIIIIIOOIIIIIIIIII  
IOIIIOIIIOII; total, 39.

Price, 41; Lucas, 32; total, 73. Bogardus, 39; Eugene, 34;  
total, 73.

Incómers 2.

#### A TIE.

Mr. Judy, referee, announced the match a tie, and declared all outside bets off. Capt. Bogardus at once offered to shoot the match off at twenty-five birds each at once, or to put up \$100 and shoot on the Wednesday of Fair week, October 6, at eleven o'clock A. M. The latter proposition was agreed to, and the contest ended for the present.

### SECOND MATCH BETWEEN BOGARDUS & SON, AGAINST J. D. LUCAS AND GWYNNE PRICE.

AT ST. LOUIS, OCT. 6, 1880.

[From *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.]

#### BOGY AND HIS BOY.

*The Champion and his Son Win a Creditable Victory.*

“There was a marked improvement in the attendance at the grounds of the St. Louis Sportmen’s Club on Grand Avenue

yesterday, the principal attraction being the four-handed contest between Capt. Bogardus and his son Eugene and Messrs. Joseph D. Lucas and Gwynne Price of St. Louis. Eleven o'clock was the hour fixed for the start, but as the trains were behind time the wild birds provided for the match did not reach the grounds until nearly an hour later, necessitating a slight delay. Better birds were never trapped, and the annoyance was therefore atoned for. It lacked just five minutes of 12 when the world's champion, who had lost the toss stepped to the string

#### TO OPEN THE CONTEST.

which was shot under English rules, ground traps, use of both barrels. The Captain stood at 31 yards, his opponents at 30, and Master Eugene at 28. Mr. Price was in no condition to shoot. Since the last match, when he out-shot all his companions, Mr. Price has been suffering from a severe attack of ague, and that he was sick his haggard appearance plainly manifested. This illness undoubtedly cost St. Louis the match, as had Price been anything like himself his score would have improved sufficiently to secure victory. As it was, he and his partner were beaten by two birds only, although luck was against them throughout the struggle. Lucas, as usual, led off magnificently, killing ten straight. He missed his eleventh, twelfth and fifteenth birds, and wound up with a clear string of ten. Had Joe done equally well on the occasion of the last meeting, victory would have been credited to St. Louis. Some of his long shots with the second barrel were simply marvelous. Eugene Bogardus divided the honors with Mr. Lucas, his score at 28 yards being highly creditable for one so young. The old gentleman can thank his son for saving the day. Capt. Bogardus missed five of his twenty-five birds, killing from the seventh to the eighteenth inclusive, consecutively, which was the longest string of the match. It will be noticed that Mr. Price improved towards the end; one curious fact being that all of his birds except two fell to the first barrel. Mr. W. W. Judy gave general satisfaction as referee, and Secretary Swander attended to the scoring.

#### THE CONTEST.

The champion led off with a lost bird, his hammerless gun having been carelessly left bolted. Price killed with his first barrel



and so did Lucas, but Eugene's bird got away minus a fist full of feathers. As Price, whose recent severe illness evidently told on him, missed his third and fourth birds in succession, the score at the close of the fourth round was a tie, Price's fifth, a tailer, also got away. Eugene in this round killed the first incomer of the match and Lucas dropped a swift flying tailer in splendid style. A second miss was charged to the champion in the sixth round, a comparatively easy bird evading both barrels; and his son missed at his ninth essay. In the meantime the St. Louis men kept on killing right along until the tenth round, when Price again lost a bird, the score at the close of this stage remaining a tie at sixteen each, Lucas having killed ten straight, the champion and his son eight each and the Englishman six. Luck was against Lucas at his eleventh attempt, the bird falling dead in the garden. Had it flown in any other direction it would have been scored. Joe's twelfth, however, was a clean miss and the Bogardus family were in the van by two birds. Lucas furnished the next miss, for his fifteenth bird, although hit with both barrels succeeded in getting over the fence. Price, after killing six straight, lost his seventeenth bird, and it was then dollars to doughnuts that the St. Louis team was beaten. They were four birds behind and the end was drawing nigh. Bogardus and his son were working so steadily that when twenty birds each had been shot at, the score stood at 35 to 31 in their favor, the boy leading with 18, his father and Lucas following with seventeen each, and Price bringing up the rear with fourteen. Young Bogardus, after knocking over eleven birds in succession, lost his twenty first, and as the old man followed suit, the St. Louis couple were but two behind, with three birds each to shoot at. Price staggered his twenty-third, a very strong bird, with each barrel, and considerable sympathy was manifested for the unlucky marksman when the pigeon carried the load over the fence. The champion lost his last bird but one, and when the final round was entered on he and his son were two ahead. As all killed, the score remained unchanged at the close, Bogardus adding another important victory to the long list already credited to him:

## THE SCORE.

Bogardus, Sr.	Price.
O I I * * O * I * *—8	I I O O O I I I I O—6.
I I I I I I I * O I—9	I I I I * I O O I I—8.
I O I O I —3.	* I O I I —4.
Total, 20.	Total, 18.
Bogardus, Jr.	Lucas.
O * I I I I * * O I—8	I * I * * I I * I I—10.
I I * * I I * I I I—10	O O I I O * * I I *—7.
O I * I I —4	I * I I I —5.
Total, 22; gr'd total, 42.	Total, 22, gr'd total, 40.
* Killed with second barrel.	
Incomers, 1.	”

## SWEEPSTAKES SHOOT UNDER ENGLISH RULES AT ST. LOUIS.

A large number of first rate sportsmen and pigeon shots from all parts of the Western States being in St. Louis on the occasion of the Dog Show and Fair, several solicited Capt. W. W. Judy, Vice President of the Sportsmen's Club, to get up a shoot under English rules, on the morning of the match between Bogardus and Hauworth. Judy had on hand some fine old tame birds, consequently some splendid practice was made. Gwynne Price was referee, and his Sancho brought in the birds. There was no handicap, all shooting at 30 yards, therefore some few stood but very little chance.

Price's improved English model traps were used.

Winners of first prizes were Abe Kleinman, W. W. Judy, Herschey, (2) Turrell and Black.

Winners of second prizes Franke, Cogswell and Tucker.

Winners of third prizes Black (2) and Judy.

At the conclusion, the shooters expressed to Mr. Judy their unqualified approbation of the English rules and ground traps, and hoped to see them generally adopted in preference to the plunge trap.



# MATCH BETWEEN CAPT. E. E. STUBBS AND GWYNNE PRICE,

AT LITTLE ROCK, ARK. NOVEMBER 24, 1880.

The largest score on record at tame birds, English rules.

[From the *Chicago Field.*]

“The match between Capt. E. E. Stubbs, of Gainesville, Ark., and Gwynne Price, the English wing shot, of St. Louis, Mo., took place here November 24, 1880, and resulted in the defeat of Mr. Price, with the extraordinary score of 48 out of 50, against 45, and which would have been increased to 49 to 48, if the boundary had been a full 80 yards, instead of, in some places, only 60 yards, Stubbs having one dead out of the bounds, and Price three. The birds were very strong and healthy tame ones, every one old and selected, supplied by W. W. Judy, of St. Louis, and although a few hung on the traps, they were very fast and difficult to make a score with. Conditions, 30 yards rise, from five of Price's new English model ground traps, five yards apart, English rules.

Beale Hempstead, of the State Treasurer's office, was referee: Dr. Wall, from Green county, was the official scorer, and young Trumpler, the gunsmith, pulled the traps, which were decided by dice. Capt. Stubbs used a W. W. Greener gun, 10½ lbs. 10 bore, 32 inch barrel; and Price an English gun, Price London, 9¼ lbs. 10 bore, 30 inch barrel, Dittmar and Orange Lightning Powder.

The dead birds were brought in by a very clever retrieving pointer belonging to Mr. Price, and he did his work admirably.

It was intended to shoot another match under same conditions in a day or two afterwards, but the weather was so unfavorable that it was abandoned, although we were all most anxious to see another trial between these celebrated shots. Bogardus will have to look out to keep the championship of the world.”

## RIFLE SHOOTING IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE AFTER THE PIGEON MATCH.

Nov. 27, 1880.

[From the *Little Rock Gazette*.]

### REMARKABLE EXHIBITION OF SKILL WITH THE SHOT GUN AND RIFLE.

“Last night, at the Grand Opera House, Captain Stubbs gave a specimen of his skill as a marksman, to a select audience. A large screen had been put up at the right wing, and the captain, standing at the opposite side of the stage, performed a series of shots which have never been equaled in Little Rock. The first feat was shooting at glass balls with a shot gun. The balls were thrown by himself, and out of ten, in the uncertain glitter of the gas light, the unerring marksman shattered nine. He then changed to a rifle, and throwing the glass balls in the air, hit eight out of ten. After this, the champion turning the rifle upside down, and resting the butt on his head, shot at the glass balls as Capt. Gwynne Price threw them in the air. Out of ten balls thus thrown he shattered eight. The next feat was the most remarkable of all. Taking his rifle and throwing the ball in the air, he missed it with the first shot and shattered it into a thousand pieces with the second shot of his rifle. He then shot at ten balls against time, and shattered nine out of ten in half a minute. Lord Lymington, of London, who was in the audience, expressed himself in flattering terms of the skill of Capt. Stubbs. The exhibition will be repeated to-night at the same place, and all who desire to see a wonderful display of skill should attend.”



R U L E S  
 FOR  
 PIGEON SHOOTING  
 FROM  
 FIVE GROUND TRAPS,  
 BY  
 G W Y N N E P R I C E ,  
 SPORTSMEN'S CLUB, ST. LOUIS, MO.

——— : O : ———

The following rules for pigeon shooting from five ground traps, have been very carefully compiled; and it is claimed they will more fully meet all requirements, than any before published.

It will be observed that the shooter has been given the benefit of any error or doubt, where interference or wrong doing is suspected.

Thus, if two birds are loosed instead of one, it is calculated to mislead him; so that if he shoots and kills, the bird is scored; but if he misses he will have another bird, because *it may have been done purposely* to annoy or baffle him.

Again, if a bird refuses to fly *in moderate time*, the party supplying it should bear the loss as he is paid for good birds.

It should be clearly understood that it is no part of the duty of a contestant to challenge any bird, or in fact any condition.

It is absolutely the business of the referee to conduct the whole shooting, to notice the holding of the gun, and carry out the general rules, and more than anything, to see that the bird is *fully and*

*fairly on the wing* when shot at, not merely struggling along the ground *using wings and legs*, but to be *legitimately flying*, and if not killed under such circumstances, another bird should be ordered. Also to have every bird gathered before giving his decision. But if a shooter *wilfully* shoots at a sitting bird with his first barrel, it should be scored a lost bird.

All minor matters, such as interference with the shooter or shooting at a bird by a scout, must be left entirely to the referee to decide according to circumstances. His decisions being subject to revision, if unfairly given, as per rule 29.

Apropos of guns and ammunition, the following rule recently adopted by the Hurlingham Gun Club, of London, will not find many admirers in the United States: "After June 17th, the weight of guns shall be limited to 7 pounds 8 ounces, the charge of powder to be limited to 3 1-2 drachms, and soft shot only to be used; no chilled shot or concentrators to be allowed."

RULE 1. *Traps. How Placed.*—Shooting to be from five ground traps, placed five yards apart, the centre trap in a direct line in front of the shooter, and if practicable, the traps so placed that the birds will have the benefit of the wind behind them.

RULE 2. *Traps. How Pulled.*—The number of the trap pulled to be decided by die, or by wads marked 1 to 5, drawn by the referee, after the shooter has advanced to the score, and shown privately to puller.

RULE 3. *Traps. When Pulled.*—When ready, the shooter shall say *pull*, and the trap shall be instantly opened.

RULE 4. *Pulling. Falsely.*—If from any cause more than one bird shall be loosed at the same time, and one or more be killed, one bird shall be scored, and if missed, another bird shall be allowed free of cost.

RULE 5. *Pulling. Notice.*—If the trap is pulled before proper notice from the shooter, he may take or refuse the bird; but *if he shoots*, he must abide by the consequences.

RULE 6. *Holding Gun.*—The gun shall be held fairly down from the shoulder, until the word *pull* is given; and the bird shall be shot at when *fully on the wing*, with the first barrel; after



which the second barrel may be used as the shooter likes, without leaving his position.

RULE 7. *Bird. Flying.*—Should the bird refuse to fly *in moderate time*, the referee shall, if requested by the shooter, call a *no bird*, and another shall be trapped without cost, and the die thrown again.

RULE 8. *Bird on Ground.*—A bird deliberately shot at on the ground with the first barrel shall be scored *lost*; but the referee may order another bird, at the shooter's expense, if he has any doubt.

RULE 9. *Size of Gun.*—Guns shall not exceed 11-bore for muzzle-loaders, and 10-bore for breech loaders.

RULE 10. *Shot Charge.*—Charge of shot shall not exceed  $1\frac{1}{4}$  oz. Dixon's full measure 1006 or 1007; and no wire cartridges shall be used.

RULE 11. *Shot Challenge.*—Any contestant may challenge the loading of a shooter as he goes to the score, and shall deposit five dollars as a guarantee of good faith. If the charge is found to be unfair, the shooter shall be disqualified; but if his gun was properly loaded, he shall be entitled to the five dollars so deposited.

RULE 12. *Shot Marks.*—A bird shot at when fairly on the wing, and gathered, shall not be challenged for shot marks.

RULE 13. *Miss-Fire.*—A miss-fire will be considered *no shot*, provided the gun is properly loaded and cocked, and another bird shall be trapped at shooter's cost.

RULE 14. *Miss-Fire, First Barrel.*—If the first barrel miss-fire, and the second barrel is used, the bird shall be scored; or if the second barrel miss-fire, another bird shall be had at the shooter's cost; the first barrel being fired *with powder only* after the bird is on the wing.

RULE 15. *Gathering.*—Every bird must be gathered by hand after each shot, either by the shooter or his deputy, in reasonable time, and without going over the boundary line. If a dog is used, the bird shall be scored if once fairly caught, and if the bird should perch within the boundary, the shooter or deputy may assist the dog.

RULE 16. *Boundary*.—If the enclosure is the boundary, and a bird closes his wings on top of the fence, or reaches the roof or cover of any fixed erection inside the grounds higher than the fence, it is a *lost bird*.

RULE 17. *Boundary, Doubtful*.—Should a bird fall within the boundary, and the referee be unable to decide whether it has been over the line, he may order another bird at shooter's expense.

RULE 18. *Fine for Shooting*.—Shooting at a bird within the boundary before it shall have been scored lost, by any other than the shooter, *without his consent*, shall be punishable by a fine of five dollars, and added to the first prize.

RULE 19. *Unloading Guns*.—The gun shall not be fully loaded, or capped, until the shooter is at the mark; and if the second barrel is not used, it must be uncapped or unloaded before returning.

RULE 20. *Danger*.—If a bird flies so that to shoot *in proper time* would endanger life or property, the referee may order another bird without cost.

RULE 21. *Double Birds*.—In shooting at two birds, they may be loosed from one or two traps. Both birds may be killed at one shot, if on the wing. It is not necessary for both birds to be flying at the same time; but if the second bird refuses to fly, two others shall be trapped without cost. The distance should be by handicap, each shooter going in five yards nearer than at single bird shooting.

RULE 22. *Distances*.—Shooting to be all at a given distance, or by a handicap of from 24 to 30 yards rise, according to merit. A winner of any sweepstakes with five or more shooters, shall be put back one yard for each and every win during that day, until he shall have reached the 30 yards limit, and if any shooter at 30 yards wins a like prize, the others shall go in one yard.

RULE 23. *Entry*.—No person shall be allowed to join in a sweepstakes after the first bird in the second round shall have been shot at, unless he arrived on the grounds too late to enter at proper time, and then only by consent of the majority of the contestants.



RULE 24. *Position on Card.*—The position of the shooters shall be decided by drawing, *if demanded*, and each round shot through in regular order; any shooter not being ready in reasonable time, shall forfeit his right in the match.

RULE 25. *Sweepstakes.*—Sweepstakes of \$1 to be miss and out; \$2, 3 birds each, one miss wait; and \$5, 6 birds each, two misses wait.

RULE 26. *Winning Penalty.*—A winner of a prize of \$100 or more, at one time, shall be put back one yard in his regular handicap for every such win.

RULE 27. *Ties.*—All ties, except in matches, *when all bets are off*, are to be shot off same time, same number of birds, and same distances, unless mutually agreed to be miss and out, or divided; a majority in the ties to rule.

RULE 28. *Division of Stakes.*—Moneys to be divided between the *three best shots*, in the proportion of 50, 30 and 20 per cent., after deducting cost of birds.

RULE 29. *Appeal.*—The decision of the referee shall at all times be upheld, unless on a question of fact *or construction of the rules*, a majority of three-fifths of the shooters shall be in favor of the appellant, by a private ballot, taken by the scorer on the spot, and before another bird is shot at.

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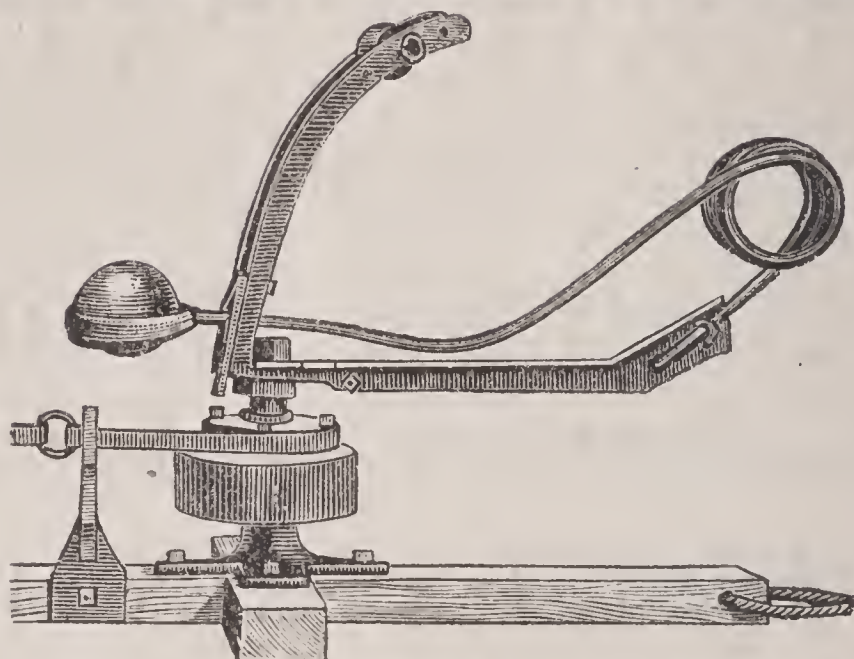
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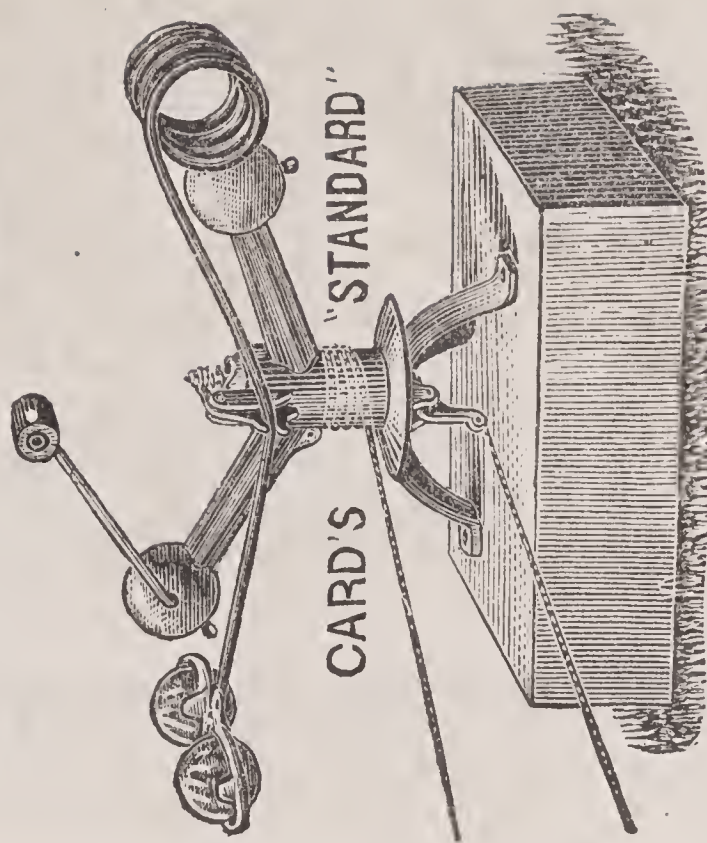
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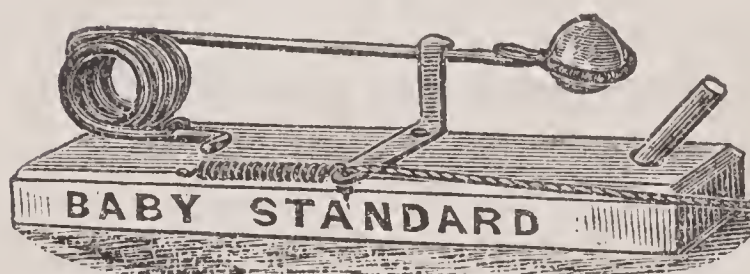




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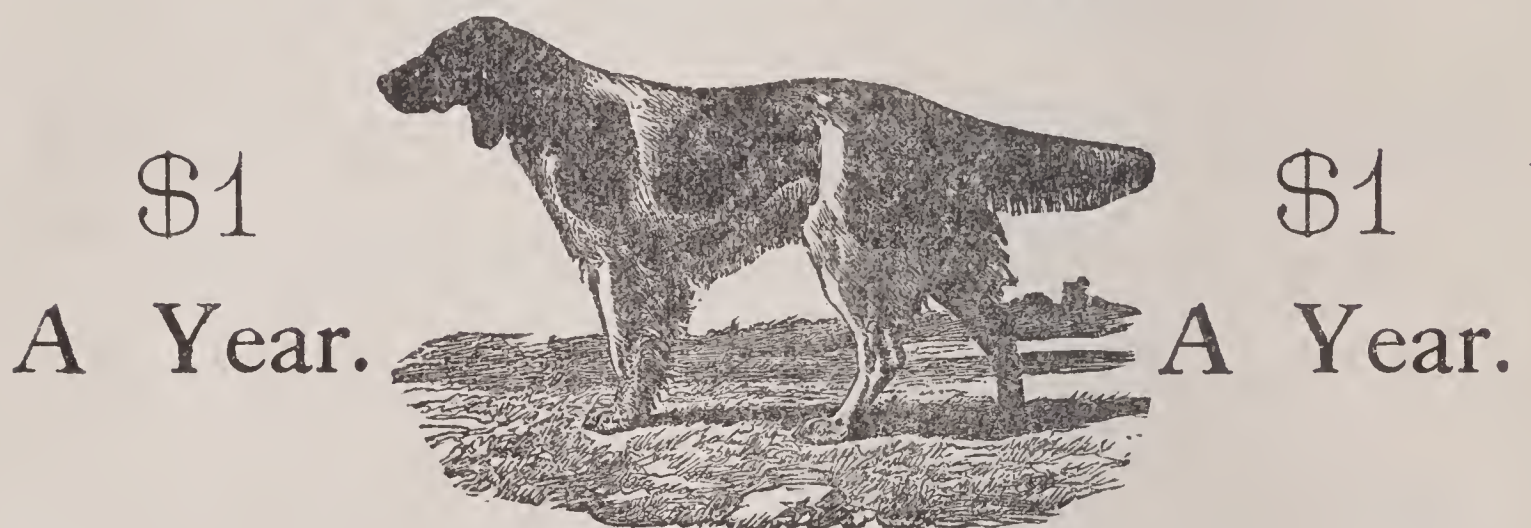


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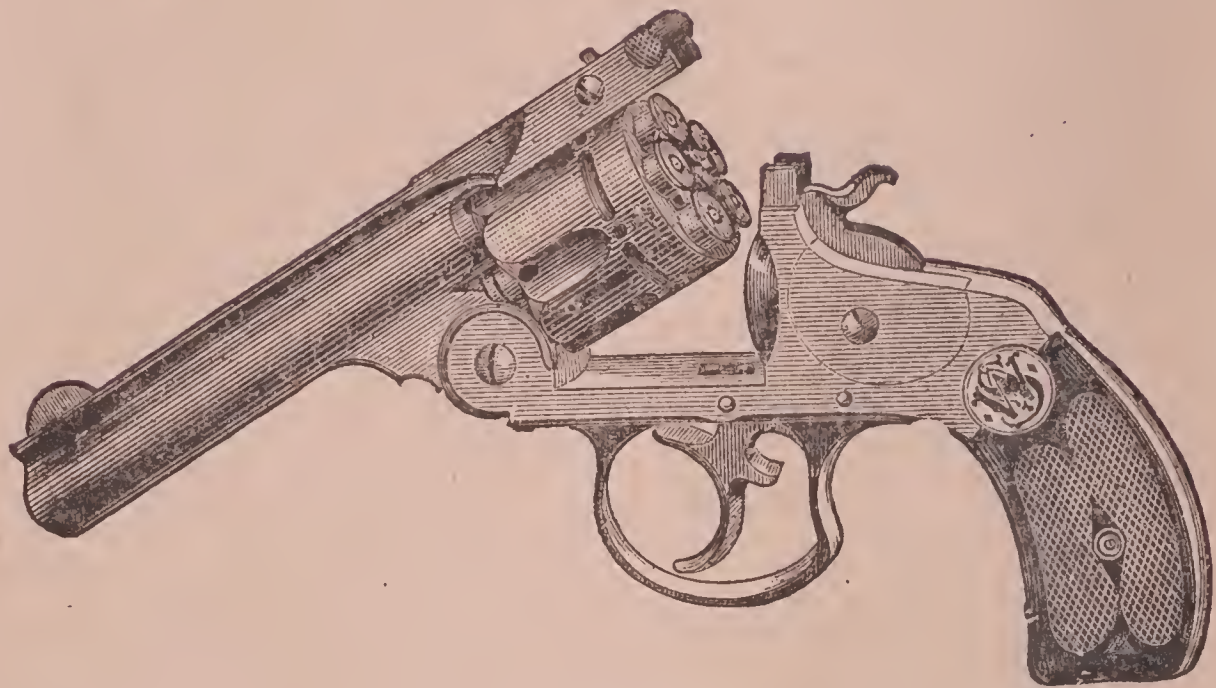




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